

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BIOGRAPHY GONE MAD.

At certain intervals, ever since the days of Solomon, it has been found necessary, as a matter of sheer duty, to lift the voice of warning against that much study which wears the flesh, and the making many books of which there is no end. It is now several years since a strong protest was raised in this Magazine against the too common and most reprehensible practice of raking among dead men's ashes, and violating the confidences of the living, for no higher purpose than the gratification of biographic weakness and vulgar curiosity. Man is indeed, as Goethe has said, ever interesting to man, and no species of bookmaking finds reader excuses than biography. But man ought also to be sacred to man; and of all the injuries that can be inflicted on a dead man's memory, none is more cruel than the act of the friendly ghoul who unnecessarily recalls him from the silence of the grave. *Corruptio optimi est pessima*. Biography, well done, is one of the most instructive and interesting kinds of composition; ill done, it is about the worst. We call it ill done, either when a good subject is marred in the handling, or when the choice is an unworthy one. The number of men whose lives are worthy to be recorded for an ensample to mankind is really small. In saying so we are far from meaning to express a contemptuous opinion of human nature. Some of the best men that ever lived were those whose lives had fewest incidents, and offered the scantiest materials for the ingenuity of the bookmaker. Happy, it is said, is the nation whose annals are dull—happy also the man whose life escapes the chronicler, who passes at the end of his day's work into the silent land, to enjoy "No biography, and the privilege of all the weary."

A stupid biography of an interesting person is indeed a very lamentable thing; and not only so, but a grave injustice alike to the dead and to the living. Since the protest alluded to was uttered, there has been no lack of this sad work. The most conspicuous recent examples that occur to us are the Lives

of Thomas Moore and of Lady Blessington. But though the life of a man of genius, served up in the form of hodge-podge, is rather a melancholy repast, there are biographic nuisances less tolerable still. The features of a Jupiter or an Apollo may be hard to recognize in the plaster of an incompetent dabbler; but if the model were really a noble one, something of the god will break through to edify the spectator. It is different, however, with the rude idol of the savage. The biography of a respectable mediocrity is, it may be safely said, among the least interesting or useful of literary performances. Minerva Press novels are bad enough (those who think the species is extinct are greatly mistaken); spasmodic poems are anything but enlivening; and numismatic treatises are not ambrosial fare; but against any of these we would back for true invincible unreadableness the Memoir and Remains, we will suppose, of the Rev. Jabez Jones, D.D., late pastor of Ramoth-Gilead Chapel, Battersea. We select our instance from the class of religious biographies, because it is by far the most numerous, and the most distinctly chargeable with the sin of bookmaking. Jabez, we have no doubt, was in his day and generation an excellent man, though given, as his Memoirs of course will amply testify, to unnecessary groaning. But why his life should have been written, is a mystery to be solved only by the astute publisher, who calculates on a sale of several hundred copies among the bereaved congregation of Ramoth-Gilead. The sorrowful biographer, whose name on the title-page plainly marks him as an eligible candidate for the degree of D.D., will inform us in a "sweet" preface that the materials of the present work were put into his hands, &c.; that, painfully conscious of his own inability, he had long, &c.; but that a perusal of the documents had so deeply impressed him with the importance of giving the world, &c.; that such as it is, in short, he commits it—and then is pretty certain to follow a piece of nauseous blasphemy* as to the nature of the

* One curious example of this kind of thing we remember to have seen in the preface to the new edition of a work of

patronage to which the pious speculation is held entitled. The number is perfectly sickening of bereaved husbands, sons, and fathers, who practice this strange alchemy on the penitential tears and devout breathings, the sick-bed utterances and dying ejaculations of sainted wives, mothers, and babes.

But bad as it is causelessly to exhume the poor victim of mortality in order to make him sit for his likeness, the posthumous method of biography is the natural and becoming one. Only when a man has finished his work, and escaped beyond the reach of human passions and cares, is it fitting to delineate his character and trace the story of his devious path through life. The practice of biographizing living men, however, has now become very common. The publication of éloges used formerly to be reserved as a posthumous honor, but this generation is wiser, and writes the éloge while the subject of it can himself enjoy its perusal in the land of the living and the place of hope. One would think it a curious evidence of regard, independently of the question of delicacy, to adopt so suggestive a method of reminding a man that he is due to posterity. But tastes differ, and some men are not averse to the Charles V. method of trying on their shrouds, to see, as the old woman said, what "a bonnie corpse" they will make. With us in Britain this practice of spiritual vivisection, or *ante-mortem* inquests, has been confined for the most part to short sketches, pretentiously critical in general, and very seldom of any value. Fundamentally gossiping in its character, this school of literary sketchers (what may be called the Biographical Life Academy) has appealed mainly to the weak curiosity that hungers after any small scraps of information regarding the private life and habits of living notoriety. Such curiosity is no doubt extremely natural, but the men who have undertaken the function of gratifying it, have, as might be supposed, been distinguished by no qualities less than by discernment and good taste, correctness of outline being with them a small consideration compared to abundance and strength of color. This vulgar species of authorship, the servants'-hall gossip of the literary family, has, we hope, seen its palmy days.

some reputation. The devout author, alluding to the success of his performance, offers his grateful thanks to Providence and the Periodical Press.

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, the business seems to flourish, like all other business, with great briskness. Our American friends, excellent people as they are in so many respects, have long been known to us as pre-eminent in the gossiping line; one of the chief characteristics of the Anglo-American race being intense curiosity—an admirable principle, as every one knows, when subordinate to a high end, a decided weakness when not. To say that the American people universally are influenced by the spirit of vulgar curiosity, would be as unjust as it would be to charge the whole British nation with foulness of taste because the *Mysteries of London* has found myriads of readers. But that the fashion has been exemplified very extensively by Americans of making the public familiar with the insides of private drawing-rooms, and telling the world how popular poets and historians handle a teapot or blow their noses, is a fact not to be denied. Among a people recognizing, or professing to recognize, as the fundamental principle of government and society, the Irishman's profound axiom, that "one man is as good as another—faith, and a great deal better too!" it is not indeed surprising that in the sphere of literature, as well as in others, they should make more free with the characters and habits of private life than is by us old-fashioned Britons considered tasteful and becoming. Having now, however, passed their infancy, and in literature as well as in social development "progressed" towards manhood, it is high time that they should put away childish things. It has always grieved us to see citizens of the great Republic betray so weak-minded a delight in scrutinizing the costume and domesticities of English aristocrats, or the private life and fixings of American democrats.

In the department of contemporary biography, it must be confessed our energetic cousins have fairly got the start of us. It seems, in fact, to have attained the rank of an "institution" among the other beautiful machinery of their political life. When Jullien visits the provinces, he heralds his coming by means of a set of fascinating portraits, which announce from every print and music-shop window that the great Conductor is at hand. Somewhat similar, but more intellectual and elaborate, is the proceeding of the American "coming man." No aspiring

senator now thinks of trying for the Presidency without securing in good time the services of a competent biographer to relate the heroic story of his life, and make his transcendent merits known to all whom it may concern. Even a meditative Hawthorne turns his vision-weaving pen to such service, and considers it no way unworthy of his genius to polish off an electioneering biography of General Franklin Pierce. So deeply do politics mingle in the current of American life; so sweet to the aspiring statesman are the uses of biography!

But if the lives of politicians be written for the admiration of mankind and the good of the State, should the lives of the mightier men who make and unmake presidents and governments be esteemed less worthy of that honor? Assuredly not. At it then, ye diligent Yankee scribes, and hasten to convert into obsolete absurdity the oft-quoted line of the dull old fellow who sang:

"The world knows little of its greatest men."

Let it not henceforth be said, to the reproach of civilization, that the world was ignorant during their lives of the birth and genealogy, the schoolboy adventures and manly freaks, the trials and the triumphs of such men as Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett. Be careful to inform us, ye voracious cinder-gatherers — for posterity will not pardon the omission — the length, breadth, and weight of these remarkable men, — their complete phrenological development (so far as the addition of abnormal bumps by hostile shillelals can permit accuracy) — the kind of clothes they wear — the kind of pens they write with, whether quill, iron, or brass — the ink they use, whether common blue-black or sometimes black-and-blue, or perhaps a cunning distillation of ditch-water — the attitude in which they sit when discharging their thunder at the heads of kings and cabinets, or composing their delicate invectives at one another; — in short, let us have perfect daguerreotypes of these supremely interesting and estimable men.

Behold! the thing is done, the good work has actually been commenced. There, lying before us, in all the square-rigged ugliness of New York upgetting, are the first-fruits of this new field of biographic enterprise — the lives, in two stout volumes, of the "two noble kinsmen," the two great Arcadians

whose names we have above mentioned. Many of our readers, perhaps not grossly illiterate persons either, will look up and ask, Who are Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett? While duly pitying the limitation of culture implied in such a query, we cannot be too hard on these poor ignoramuses, as we must plead guilty to having been ourselves staggered, in reading American books, by meeting names associated with those of Milton and Aristides, as utterly new to us as was, till recently, that of his majesty Kamehameha III., Dei gratia king of the Sandwich Islands. These two men, then, let all such ignoramuses know, are the editors of two widely circulated New York papers — the two most widely circulated, we believe, of any in America.* What other claims they have to the honors of biography and the remembrance of posterity, we shall consider by-and-by. Meantime we have to say of the books that they are the most unique things in the way of biography, or indeed of literature, that have come in our way since America, about a year ago, furnished us with the autobiography of one of her smartest citizens. They are of very different character — as different as the men whose lives they profess to record — but in both the biographic muse appears in a state of decided inebriety, highly unbecoming the ancient dignity of her vocation. In the work of Mr. Parton she is what is called half-seas over, unsteadily hilarious, and amusingly absurd, hiccuping out smart things now and then in a way that is irresistible, then suddenly looking grave and uttering sublimities that are still more outrageously laughable. In the anonymous companion-volume she is far gone towards mortal insensibility; she might be said, in fact, to be in *delirium tremens*, but that there is not a single flash of the wild energy that diversifies the symptoms of that shocking malady. It is pure dazed stupidity and double-vision from beginning to end. We have met nothing comparable to it in all our experience of biographies.

The sole ground on which these volumes claim any notice, contemptible as they both are (though not in equal degree) in matter and treatment, is that which gave some in-

* Like some people nearer home, each of them (and many another besides them) avers that his paper has the largest circulation of any journal not only in America, but in the world. Of all statistics, the least credible are those of newspaper proprietors.

portance to the infamous revelations of Bar-num. They are in some degree typical; their subjects at least are so in a very considerable degree—"representative men" of their kind, and so far important. A newspaper editor is in all civilized countries an important personage. We are not going here to enter on an elaborate consideration of the functions and influence of the press—so let nobody dread a homily. The subject has been often enough handled well and ill, and lately we have heard a good deal about it. We are now-a-days rather given to flourishing about the "Fourth Estate." There is a tendency towards cant on this as on all other interesting subjects. The Fourth Estate is a grand fact, but let those who have any pretensions to connection with it rather strive to keep it so than talk magniloquently about it. As for those who have not, let them take care that it does its duty, and does not go beyond it. Newspaper editors, we say, are important personages; but they are like other human beings, some of them eminent for intellect and virtue, many of them highly respectable for both, others of them dignified by neither. The anomalous and fluctuating conditions of newspaper life make it inevitable that men should sometimes attain high influence in virtue of connection with the press, whom neither nature nor education has eminently qualified for the guidance of their fellow-men. This applies, of course, peculiarly (though not exclusively) to America, where, on the admirable Irishman's maxim above quoted, everybody is equally fit for everything—faith, and a great deal fitter too! where toll-keepers and publicans are colonels in the army, and the man who fails as a ratecatcher turns his hand to preaching, and, if that fail also, straightway sets up a newspaper. But though applying peculiarly to the American press, our statement is not exclusive of Britain. Journalism is becoming, indeed, with us more and more of a recognized profession,—a profession, too, calling for special gifts and training—gifts and training, higher and more liberal, to those who think rightly of their vocation, than do any of the three hitherto exclusively entitled "learned." The press is no more with us, if ever it has been, a kind of literary Diggings, where the outcasts and desperadoes, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, of every other calling, may find a precarious refuge and irregular adventurer-work,

from forging of thunderbolts to winnowing of ash-buckets. But it is true, nevertheless, that the fundamental conditions of success in this career are compatible with a moral and intellectual standard by no means exalted. It is a common mistake, that high literary ability is the first requisite for editorial success. The fact is nearly the other way. The first requisite is knowledge of men, the second confidence, and the third perseverance. Let a man possess the concentrated gifts of a whole academy of *belles lettres*, and be deficient in shrewd practical discernment of what suits the public, he may pipe ever so melodiously, but he will get few subscribers to dance. Let him know, or imagine that he knows, ever so well what suits the public, if he have not a quick eye to see what other men are fit for, and how far they can be trusted to do his work, he may shut his shop and retire. Let him possess encyclopædic knowledge, and the readiest flow of winged words, but if he be not a man of hard-working, dogged persistence, he might as well sow the great Sahara as undertake to conduct a newspaper. A paper once fairly established may, indeed, conduct itself successfully, despite an unpractical and easy editor; for good machinery compels even inert matter into activity and order. But to rear a paper into vigorous existence amid a host of competitors—to make bricks without straw, and snatch the bread of victory out of the jaws of famine—the editor or conductor must be, in the first place, a man of business—it is of very subordinate importance that he be a man of letters. Hence it is sometimes objected, that newspapers, being in so many cases merely commercial speculations, must necessarily subordinate principle to profit. The objection is neither sound in logic, nor, in this country at least, true in fact. The manufacturer of shawls and blankets is not the less an honest man and estimable citizen because his primary object is not the good of the community but his own private advantage. His shawls and blankets are not the less excellent and indispensable because he converts them into pelf. If the shawl-manufacturer indeed become a power in the State, and begin to arrogate high virtue to himself for his services to the public, and to dictate laws in virtue of the prosperity of his business, it is reasonable that we should apply to him something analogous to the question, "Doth Job fear God

for nought!" Applying this test to the press of our own country, we arrive, on the whole, at satisfactory conclusions. If we do not see so much as we could wish of a grave sense of responsibility, and a careful weighing of facts and motives, we know how much is due to the terrible exigencies of time. This we are assured of, that in no other profession or occupation is there more of manliness and fair play; in none other is the professional honor so untarnished by the contact of lucre; and, so far as chastity of sentiment and expression is concerned, "the freest press in Europe (Mr. Macaulay might have said, in the world) is also the most prudish." Occasional examples of recklessness and violence, of meanness and bad taste, invalidate in no wise the force of this general assertion. Newspaper editors and writers are, we repeat, human like others. To expect that they should in every case display faultless wisdom and virtue is a devout imagination, but an extremely vain and irrational one. As to the paltry *£. s. d.* considerations, we have, for our part, often admired, as a striking example of the innate virtue of human nature, despite its depravity, the magnanimous zeal which sustains so many newspaper proprietors in the task of instructing the public at a very swinging loss to themselves!

The power of the press is greatly aided, as every one knows, by the mystery which shrouds the writer, merging all personality of the individual in the mysterious plurality of the organ through which he speaks. It is not John or Thomas that proclaims the danger of the nation, the incapacity of a Minister, the justice or injustice of a deed. It is an unknown voice, uttered out of darkness, and therefore formidable — the voice not of one, but of many, and therefore claiming respect. The voice of a Greek tragedian sounded through his mask more awful than it really was; and the majestic buskin raised a very ordinary figure to the kingly height of Agamemnon. The "we" of John or Thomas, through the speaking-trumpet of the *Times*, becomes a very different pronoun from the "I" of these gentlemen uttered through their individual windpipes. If any argument were necessary to prove that this formidable anonymity is not only essential to the liberty of the press, but the true safeguard of its health and honesty, we might point for proof to the Press of those States, whether des-

potic or free, where it is not tolerated. In the United States, for example, there is almost as little anonymous writing as in Paris or Vienna. There is no statute on the subject, and no legal censorship exists, but the state of public feeling makes it almost impossible for a man to conceal his personality. The writer may not put his name to his articles, but if he does not, it is only because he finds it unnecessary. Is the press there more honest, more discreet, more tender of individual character than in Britain? No candid American will answer that question with an affirmative. The press of America is not the less formidable, not the more honest and scrupulous, that its principal writers are known or notorious men.

The character of the two nations is illustrated by some of their distinctive peculiarities in this respect. With us the tendency is to merge the individual in the body — with them the notion of liberty is associated with the clear recognition of individual independence. Here the newspaper editor is generally the invisible head of an association — there he is a right-well-known entity of flesh and blood, as cowhide and rattan applications have too often most strikingly demonstrated. There the journal is generally his, and his name figures conspicuously at the head of its columns — here he belongs more frequently to the journal, and, while wielding a great power in the community, his personal existence is a kind of myth, and his name may never have been heard by the great majority of his readers. The American editor, on the contrary, must make himself known, or he will not be listened to. All pugnacious republicans must have the means of knowing who it is that abuses them. The occupant of the White House must be made familiar with the name of the man who attacks or defends his policy, whose mouth may be silenced, or whose fidelity rewarded, by a due share of the federal dollars. Let it not be imagined that any uncomplimentary remarks we make on the American press are intended to apply universally. So speaking, we should convict ourselves at once of ignorance and dishonesty. There are American newspapers and editors of high and unblemished character, as there are American politicians worthy of a better fate than to be kept waiting three months for the election of a Speaker. But of the American press generally the criticism still

holds good, that, while boasting to be the freest in the world, it is in practical thralldom to an inextricably tangled system of democratic terrorism. Improvement there has been, we delight to think, within the last dozen years—so much so, that even papers which were the very offshootings of journalism have become, in their European editions at least, fit for decent mortals to read. Out of a total of nearly three thousand papers, circulating among so mixed and changeable a population, it is little wonder, also, that there should be a large class of papers at which a cultivated man of any nation must look with contempt and sorrow. We know too well, from examples in our own colonies—as in India and Australia—how, in heterogeneous and young communities, where men of high talent and education seldom resort except in the established paths to success, newspapers are apt to fall into the hands either of government agents or of reckless adventurers, with the natural result, in the one case, of insolence and servility, in the other, of indecent violence and gossiping personality. That, therefore, in a country like the United States, where men of intelligence and enterprise are never at a loss for profitable occupation, the press should be left in a great measure to those who can get nothing better to do, need not surprise us; nor, as the necessary result, that its moral and intellectual standard should hitherto have been such as a civilized and educated nation would, if it were not too busy, and too jealous of foreign criticism, have viewed with consternation as a professed mirror of itself.

While willingly granting thus much, the painful fact remains, that the papers which have all along enjoyed the largest share of public countenance in the United States, are those whose conductors have most openly set at defiance every sentiment of justice, decency, and good taste. The mere circulation of a journal is not, indeed, a conclusive test of its importance as an organ of public opinion, but it clearly enough points out what way the taste of the majority lies, and in a land of universal suffrage it gauges exactly the amount of its political influence. Our *Weekly Dispatch* has perhaps twenty readers for the *Spectator's* one, but the one reader probably has more power in the commonwealth than the twenty. In a commonwealth, on the other hand, where all men are equally good, a hundred thousand Barnums are as good as a thousand centuries of Washingtons—faith, and in American politics, "a great deal better too!" Thus it is that the most widely circulated paper becomes the greatest power in the State, and a power to which, even while

loathing it, presidents and politicians are forced to bow the knee. Unwilling as we are that Mr. James Gordon Bennett should lose any of the benefit accruing to him from these remarks (which, of course, he will turn duly to account),* we have no hesitation in saying that they are intended to apply *par excellence* to the organ which, under his consummate management, has resolved one of the most singular problems of modern times. That problem may be stated thus: Given the minimum of literary ability, and the maximum of moral worthlessness—to educe out of their combination a machinery which shall control the political action of a Great Republic, and attain a leading place among the recognized mouthpieces of twenty million English-speaking freemen. There is a question of maxima and minima over which Dr. Whewell might puzzle his knowing head till doomsday, if he omitted to take into his calculations an element or two of the plus description! What these elements are, we must, however, leave for after consideration. In the mean time we propose to treat our readers to a few of the biographic delicacies furnished by the considerate Mr. J. Parton. We consider his volume in every way entitled to the precedence. It was the first published, and evidently suggested the rival performance. It has all the marks of honesty about it, and, compared with the Life of Bennett, is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of ability. Its subject, in like manner, if considerably removed from our idea of a hero or a gentleman, is, compared with the editor of the *New York Herald*, a very Bayard in chivalry, a Job in uprightness.

Mr. Parton sets about his work in a very thorough-going manner. The industry with which he has raked together all the information that could possibly be gathered regarding not only Horace Greeley, but Horace's ancestors to the third and fourth generation, is quite inconceivable; and his own ingenuous account of his preliminary labors is well calculated to awaken, if not the admiration, at least the astonishment of the reader. The style of procedure is exquisitely characteristic; and, as he himself phrases it, "the reader has a right to know the manner"

* We are fully prepared to find Mr. Bennett attributing our unfavorable remarks to a great "conspiracy" among the "aristocratic cliques" of England against American institutions in general, and the *New York Herald* in particular. This is an old trick, but the American public is too sensible any longer to be taken in by such nonsense. Mr. Bennett's pretensions to represent the general sentiments of the United States have nowhere been more indignantly repudiated than in New York. If we imagined that any American whose opinion is worth considering would interpret our criticism as implying any unkindly feeling to his country, these pages should never have seen the light. The objects of our criticism are individual men.

thereof. Let us thank Heaven that the promulgation of the recipe is not likely here to instigate imitation. First of all, the ingenious youth procures, "from various sources, a list of Mr. Greeley's early friends, partners, and relations; also a list of the places at which he had resided." The young bloodhound! This done, "all those places I visited; with as many of those persons as I could find I conversed, and endeavored to extract from them all that they knew of the early life of my hero." From these voracious sources this high-minded young scribbler compiled the narrative of the great man's early years, not disdaining even to accost drunken "old soakers" on the highway who might "hiccough out" a little tale about Greeley; and where he could not ferret out information on the spot, applying for it *by letter*. But this was a small portion of the self-imposed labor, which included a diligent inspection of the complete files of the "*New Yorker*, *Log Cabin*, *Jeffersonian*, *American Laborer*, *Whig Almanac*, and *The Tribune*," nearly every number of which, "more than five thousand in all," he carefully examined. After such a course of reading, our wonder is, not that the biographic muse is slightly maudlin, but that she survived to put two sentences together!

We are treated to a preliminary sketch of the history of Londonderry (not omitting the siege), and the Scotch-Irish colony who thence emigrated to New England. To the hasty reader all this may seem highly unnecessary; but to those who are desirous deeply to penetrate into a "nature" so uncommon as that of Horace Greeley, it is supremely important, as we are told that "from his maternal ancestors he derived much that distinguishes him from men in general." Another chapter is devoted to the paternal ancestors, regarding one of whom it is interesting to learn that he was a "cross old dog," "as cunning as Lucifer," and that he died at the age of sixty-five, with "all his teeth sound!" At length, at page 33, we come to the great fact of Horace's birth. As has been the case with many great men, it was attended with some remarkable circumstances. To these our biographer does full justice. His account of the interesting scene is too fine to be omitted:

"The mode of his entrance upon the stage of the world was, to say the least of it, unusual. The effort was almost too much for him, and, to use the language of one who was present, 'he came into the world as black as a chimney.' There was no sign of life. He uttered no cry; he made no motion; he did not breathe. But the little discolored stranger had articles to write, and was not permitted to escape his destiny. In this alarming crisis of his existence,

a kind-hearted and experienced aunt came to his rescue, and by arts, which to kind-hearted and experienced aunts are well known, but of which the present chronicler remains in ignorance, the boy was brought to life. He soon began to breathe; then he began to blush; and, by the time he had attained the age of twenty minutes, lay on his mother's arm, a red and smiling infant."

If the reader does not grant that to be one of the most graceful climaxes in biographic literature, we shall not write another word. Presuming on a general unanimity on this point, we proceed. The red and smiling infant in due time of course turned out a prodigy; "he took to learning with the promptitude and instinctive irrepressible love with which a duck is said to take to the water," and was able to read "before he had learned to talk." In spelling he soon became pre-eminent, and great marvels are recorded of his orthographic prowess. Unfortunately he was less distinguished by those virtues which we usually desiderate in boys. Though never afraid of ghosts, or overawed by superiority of rank or knowledge, he was eminently deficient in physical courage. "When attacked, he would neither fight nor run away, but 'stand still and take it'"; the report of a gun "would almost throw him into convulsions." Fishing and bee-hunting were the only sports he cared for, "but his love of fishing did not originate in what the Germans call the 'sport impulse.' Other boys fished for sport; Horace fished for *fish*." Bee-hunting, again, "was profitable sport, and Horace liked it amazingly. His share of honey generally found its way to the store." His passion for books was generally attributed to indolence, and it was often predicted that Horace would never "get on." Superficial idea! Even in very early life, says Mr. Parton complacently, he gave proof "that the Yankee element was strong within him. In the first place, he was always doing something; and in the second, he had always something to sell."

Notwithstanding Horace's remarkable cleverness, we are told that he was sometimes taken for an idiot—a stranger having once inquired, on his entering a "store" in a brown study, "what darned fool is that?" Even his own father declared that the boy would "never know more than enough to come in when it rains." These pleasing anecdotes are given on the authority of a bibulous old wretch, whom the indefatigable Mr. Parton encountered and cross-questioned on the highway. He was quite drunk at the time, but "as the tribute of a sot to the champion of the Maine Law, the old man's harangue was highly interesting." Mr. Parton sets it down to the praise of his hero,

that though brought up in the bosom of New England orthodoxy, "from the age of twelve he began to doubt," and "from the age of fourteen he was known, wherever he lived, as the champion of Universalism." Here the biographer indulges in what he considers appropriate reflections, and points out to his readers the valuable effects of youthful infidelity. "The boy," he coolly observes, "seems to have shed orthodoxy easily." * Horace Greeley was in a fair way of training for his editorship.

The juvenile Universalist had long been ambitious of becoming a printer, and at last obtained a vacant apprenticeship in the office of Mr. Amos Bliss, proprietor of the *Northern Spectator*. The great event is described with elaborate circumstantiality. The young "tow-head" proved a first-rate workman, and presently tried his hand at composition. "The injurious practice of writing 'compositions,'" says his biographer, "was not among the exercises of any of the schools which he had attended." Considering the general literary character of editorial writing in the United States, we are not surprised to find an American pronounce the early practice of composition *injurious*; the sentiment evidently is not peculiar to Mr. Parton. Early attention to style might of course tend to weaken that native force in the use of epithets which apparently conduces so much to editorial success. Horace also joined a debating society, where he proved himself a perfect "giant." His manners were entirely free from aristocratic taint, or any weak tendency to politeness. "He stood on no ceremony at the table; he *fell to* without waiting to be asked or helped, devoured everything right and left, stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and vanished instantly." Again, "when any topic of interest was started at the table, he joined in it with the utmost confidence, and maintained his opinion against anybody." He never went to tea-parties, never joined in an excursion, and "seldom went to church." A most interesting young man, on the whole, was Horace Greeley.

At length the *Northern Spectator* broke down, and the apprentice was left to shift for himself. His departure is described in quite a choice Minerva-Press style. "It was a fine cool breezy morning in the month of June 1830; Nature had assumed those robes of brilliant green which she wears only in June, and welcomed the wanderer forth with that heavenly smile which plays upon her changeable countenance *only when she is attired in her best*. Deceptive smile!" &c. &c.

* The *North American Review* thanks Mr. Parton warmly for his brave — his noble book. Was the orthodox Granvie doing when she read it?

Horace at length determined to try his fortune in New York, and with ten dollars in his pocket, a shabby suit on his back, and a small bundle on his stick, landed "at sunrise, on Friday the 18th of August 1831," near the Battery. The biographer, as in duty bound, comes out strong, and Benjamin Franklin with his penny roll appears in the proper place to garnish the story. "The princes of the mind," says he, waxing sublime, "always remain incog. till they come to the throne." Poor Horace's appearance "was all against him." Certainly, if the vignette representation of the youth with which Mr. Parton has adorned his volume conveys any adequate idea of his aspect that morning, the statement is emphatically true. The prince of the mind was incog. with a vengeance — a more calculating and skinny-looking young Yankee it would be difficult to imagine. To the portrait on the opposite page, of the adult Horace in his white great-coat — bought from an Irish emigrant! — we must, however, give the palm as a thoroughly characteristic representation of a full-blown Yankee Wilkes-Bentham Socialist, Maine Law champion, Vegetarian, Spirit-rapist, and we don't know what else. The following bit of information is important:

"The gentleman to whose intercession Horace Greeley owed his first employment in New York, is known to all the dentists in the Union as the leading member of a firm which manufactures annually twelve thousand artificial teeth. He has made a fortune, the reader will be glad to learn, and lives in a mansion up town."

To the event which gave Horace his "First Lift" in the world, the biographer devotes a whole chapter. That event was the establishment of the first Penny Paper. The idea originated in the head of an unfortunate medical student afflicted by Providence with ready cash to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. Horatio David Sheppard, unwisely neglecting his pestle and scalpel, took to dabbling in newspapers and magazines, and in due time found himself *minus* his dollars. Speculatively musing as he passed through Chatham Street, a great mart of penny wares, he was struck with the rapid sales effected by the energetic stall-keepers and itinerant vendors of shoe-laces. Parting with an odd cent or penny seemed so natural and easy a proceeding that the offer of any article for that sum seemed irresistible. Might not a newspaper be produced at one cent with certain success? The idea, it must be admitted, was a happy one. As might have been expected, however, the proposal at first excited unbounded ridicule, and for eighteen months Dr. Sheppard could not get "one man" to believe in its feasibility. At last,

on New Year's Day, 1833, appeared the *Morning Post*, published by "Greeley and Story," price two cents. It lived only twenty-one days, dying from pure want of funds. The idea was soon after successfully realized by other speculators, and in a few years the penny press was able to take society by the throat. Its first reception is thus described:

"When the respectable New Yorker first saw a penny paper, he gazed at it (I saw him) with a feeling similar to that with which an ill-natured man may be supposed to regard General Tom Thumb, a feeling of mingled curiosity and contempt; he put the ridiculous little thing into his waistcoat pocket to carry home for the amusement of his family; and he wondered what nonsense would be perpetrated next."

If such was the reception of the cheap press among the go-ahead New Yorkers, it need not surprise us that in our own steady-going community it should have been still less favorable. The experience of the last few months, however, has pretty well demonstrated the absurdity of the principal objections. The anticipated peril to the health of society has, as every believer in the national good-sense well knew, proved a chimera. British intellect and morals fortunately are not dependent on taxes and high price; and the gradual removal of all restrictions on the freedom of the press has only shown more signally that this people needs no legal bridling to keep on the path of decency and order. The number of cheap papers has indeed proved much smaller than was anticipated, few people seeming to have been aware how much energy and capital are required for the establishment of a paying penny paper—a fact which was alone sufficient to answer the fears of those who looked in June 1855 for the coming of the Deluge. In New York the case unfortunately was far otherwise. The Father of the American Penny Press, if to any one man that the title is due, must be regarded as having treated his country in a way the reverse of what St. Patrick did for Ireland—as a male Pandora, in fact, who opened the lid that shut in a countless brood of very hideous creatures. The thing will end well, we hope, as we hope for a millennium; and improvement, as we have admitted, there already is. But that the birth of the cheap press in America was followed by a deluge of quackery, virulence, and indecency which has not yet entirely subsided, is a fact written in disgraceful characters on pages innumerable, and legible on the skins of men now living, had they not been tougher than bison's hide. That such should have been the result of cheapening the favorite stimu-

lant of the American rabble was perfectly inevitable, and that the new development of journalism was accompanied by marked features of superiority is undeniable. The increase of violence and slander was itself a point of superiority in the eyes of the vulgar herd,—for coarseness passed for strength, and scurrility for smartness, the American's "darling attribute." But, among a people of intense activity and inquisitiveness, the increased energy in the procuring of news (whether true or false) must be looked upon as the chief cause of the immense popularity attained in so few years by the principal American journals. To this source, rather than to any general predilection for the vile and malicious, would we seek to attribute the extraordinary success of papers in which libel and indecency constituted a regular stock in trade. This is certainly no excuse for the patronage so bestowed, but it at least helps to explain it in a way not utterly destructive of our respect for a whole community.

And now, to return to our Horace. Of his dignified manners towards his workmen the following may suffice as an example. It is interesting, moreover, as showing that the extraordinary voracity of his early years had given place to utter indifference to considerations so low as the eating of dinner:

"There was not even the show or pretence of discipline in the office. One of the journeymen made an outrageous caricature of his employer, and showed it to him one day as he came from dinner. 'Who's that?' asked the man. 'That's me,' said the master, with a smile, and passed in to his work. The men made a point of appearing to differ in opinion from him on every subject, because they liked to hear him talk; and, one day, after a long debate, he exclaimed, 'Why, men, if I were to say that that black man there was black, you'd all swear he was white.' He worked with all his former intensity and absorption. Often such conversations as these took place in the office about the middle of the day:

"(H. G., looking up from his work) —Jonas, have I been to dinner?

"(Mr. Winchester) —You ought to know best. I don't know.

"(H. G.) —John, have I been to dinner?

"(John) —I believe not: Has he, Tom?

"To which Tom would reply 'no,' or 'yes,' according to his own recollection or John's wink; and if the office generally concurred in Tom's decision, Horace would either go to dinner or resume his work, in unsuspecting accordance therewith."

With that interesting proneness to heresy of all kinds which distinguishes Mr. Greeley, he soon after adopted the semi-vegetarian principles of a certain Rev. Dr. Graham, who, says the biographer, "was a discoverer

of the facts, that most of us are sick, and that none of us need be; that disease is impious and disgraceful, the result in almost every instance of folly or crime." The italics are Mr. Parton's, whose digestion, it is to be hoped, is unexceptionable.

At length, early in 1834, Horace, with two partners, started the *New Yorker*, a weekly paper, "incomparably the best of its kind that had ever been published in this country;" so good, in fact, that after seven years of hard struggle it gave up the ghost. We would rather believe that its want of success was due to the incompetency of its management; but if the editor was in the habit of uttering such unpalatable truth as is contained in the following specimen, we are afraid it must be conceded with the biographer that the *New Yorker* was not half enough spicy, or fawning:

"The great pervading evil of our social condition is the worship and the bigotry of Opinion. While the theory of our political institutions asserts or implies the absolute freedom of the human mind—the right not only of free thought and discussion, but of the most unrestrained action thereon within the wide boundaries prescribed by the laws of the land, yet the practical commentary upon this noble text is as discordant as imagination can conceive. Beneath the thin veil of a democracy more free than that of Athens in her glory, we cloak a despotism more pernicious and revolting than that of Turkey or China. It is the despotism of Opinion."

The *New Yorker* having never, during its whole term of existence, reached the paying point, the poor editor was obliged to keep the pot boiling by other means. In 1838 he undertook the sole charge of the *Jeffersonian*, a paper of a class peculiar to America, and denominated "Campaign Papers." The noble purpose of the *Jeffersonian* is thus described by Greeley himself: "It was established on the impulse of the Whig tornado of 1837, to secure a like result in 1838, so as to give the Whig party a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senate, Assembly, United States Senator, Congressmen, and all the executive patronage of the State, then amounting to millions of dollars a-year."

The *Jeffersonian* existed only one year, having served its end. The labors of the editor were enormous, "no one but a Greeley" could have endured it all. In 1840 he started another "Campaign Paper," in the interest of General Harrison. The absorption of the editorial mind during this exciting season is illustrated by another of those graceful anecdotes, in which our biographer delights—relating how Mr. Greeley arrives late at a political tea-party (Sunday evening), and straightway plunges

into a conversation on the currency; how the worthy landlady asks him in vain to take tea; how she begs him to "try a cruller any how," and is rudely repulsed; how she places a large basket of these unknown delicacies on his knees, and he mechanically devours every morsel; how, fearing the consequences, she substitutes for the "cruller" basket a great heap of cheese; how the remarkable boa-constrictor gobbles it all up; and how, finally, he was none the worse of it all. "Anecdotes," says Mr. P., are "precious for biographical purposes."

The *Log Cabin* had a circulation of from 80,000 to 90,000, and yet such was the easy virtue of the subscribers that the proprietor made nothing by it, and the last number contained a moving appeal "to the friends who owe us." Such, also, is political gratitude, that Mr. Greeley did not even receive the offer of an office in acknowledgment of his valuable services, at which his biographer is duly disgusted. He adds the following significant anecdote:

"Mr. Fry (W. H.) made a speech one evening at a political meeting in Philadelphia. The next morning a committee waited upon him to know for what office he intended to become an applicant. 'Office?' said the astonished composer—'no office.' 'Why, then,' said the committee, 'what the *h—ll* did you speak last night for?' Mr. Greeley had not even the honor of a visit from a committee of this kind."

Mr. Greeley at length ventured on the bold experiment of starting a new daily paper. There were already eleven in New York; but a cheap Whig paper* was wanted, and accordingly, on the 10th April 1841, appeared the *New York Tribune*, price one cent. It began with only six hundred subscribers, and encountered much opposition, but was "from its inception very successful." The *Tribune*, says Mr. Parton, was "a live paper," and it prospered by opposition. "FIGHT was the word with it from the start—FIGHT has been the word ever since—FIGHT is the word this day." One thing was wanting to success—an efficient business-partner. Such a man was found in the person of Mr. Thomas M'Elrath. The biographer shouts and rubs his hands with ecstasy at such a combination of excellence as was now realized. Hear him:

"Roll Horace Greeley and Thomas M'Elrath into one, and the result would be, a very respectable approximation to a Perfect Man. The Two, united in partnership, have been able to produce a very respectable approximation to a perfect

* The meaning of the words "Whig," "Democrat," &c., and the combination in the same individuals of Whig and Protectionist, Conservative and Democrat, are somewhat puzzling to those who have not studied the complicated subject of American politics.

newspaper. As Damon and Pythias are the types of perfect friendship, so may Greeley and M'Elrath be of a perfect partnership; and one may say, with a sigh at the many discordant unions the world presents, O that every Greeley could find his M'Elrath! and blessed is the M'Elrath that finds his Greeley!"

And woe to the Greeley that finds his Parton!

For a complete history of this respectable approximation to perfection, says Mr. Parton, "ten octavo volumes would be required, and most interesting volumes they would be." Mr. Parton gives us instead the small dose of "over" 200 octavo pages, and we are bound to say that it is at least 190 too many. In these weary sheets the curious will find a full account of Mr. Greeley's exertions in defence of Fourierism, Whiggism, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, and Irish Rebellion, his libels on Fenimore Cooper, his motions in Congress, his lectures, his European travels, his personal appearance, his private habits, &c. &c.

"For Irish Repeal," among other good causes, the *Tribune* "fought like a tiger," the magnanimous editor accepting a place in the Directory of the Friends of Ireland, "to the funds of which he contributed liberally." Mr. Greeley is not a warlike man, as his boyish experiences have indicated, but incendiaryism and bloodshed in British territory are things for which he willingly sacrifices a few dollars. Our readers are aware that the publication of the wildest fictions, pleasantly denominated "hoaxes," constitutes an attractive element in American journalism. In August 1848, New York red-republicanism was "on the tiptoe of expectation for important news of the Irish rebellion." The fortunate *Tribune* obtained exclusive intelligence, and hastened to publish, "with due glorification," a flaming account of the great battle of Slievenamon (afterwards known as "Slievegammon"), in which 6000 British troops were killed and wounded. "For a day or two the Irish and the friends of Ireland exulted; but when the truth became known, their note was sadly changed." The editor, we learn, was absent at the time, but there is no doubt he would have exulted as much as any man to hear of the "stench" of a three-mile shambles of British soldiers. His tone on the subject of the Russian war has betrayed no weak sympathy with the Western combatants; and doubtless he takes a brotherly interest in the insane and detestable conspiracies now or lately hatching among the unhappy exiles of Erin.

In November of that year, Mr. Greeley was elected to a seat in Congress, by a machinery the corruption of which is testified by no less a person than himself. He was

very active as a member, and soon made himself prominently obnoxious by exposing various legislative jobs. Some of the lively scenes that occurred are described at immense length. Mr. Parton draws no flattering conclusion from the reception of his hero in the House of Representatives. Let our American friends console themselves with the assurance that his testimony is not decisive.

"An honest man in the House of Representatives of the United States seemed to be a foreign element, a fly in its cup, an ingredient that would not mix, a novelty that disturbed its peace. It struggled hard to find a pretext for the expulsion of the offensive person; but not finding one, the next best thing was to endeavor to show the country that Horace Greeley was, after all, no better than members of Congress generally."

In 1849, the *Tribune*, with its habitual predilection for the fanatical and revolutionary, or, as Mr. Parton loftily phrases the thing, "true to its instinct of giving hospitality to every new or revived idea," devoted large space to the promulgation of Proudhon's delightful ideas on the subject of Property. Among other things, also, says our chronicler, it began a rejoinder to the *Evening Post* in the following spirited manner, — the only specimen we choose to quote of Mr. Greeley's vituperative abilities:

"You lie, villain! wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!"

This observation, placidly remarks the historian, "called forth much remark at the time." The person to whom it was addressed was William Cullen Bryant. With the same instinctive hospitality towards every form of delusion, the *Tribune* opened its accommodating columns to the Spirit-Rappers, who, notwithstanding a few hundred cases of insanity and other small evils, have, in Mr. Parton's opinion, done much good. About the same time it took up the Woman's Rights humbug, acknowledging that the ladies are perhaps unwise in making the demand, but maintaining that no sincere republican can give an adequate reason for refusing them "an equal participation with men in political rights." A whole chapter is devoted to Mr. Greeley's platform exhibitions, which it seems are very frequent and edifying — Horace having, as Mr. Parton tells us, a benevolent appreciation of the delight it gives "to see the man whose writings have charmed and moved and formed us." Not only does he lecture as often as possible, but

"At public meetings and public dinners Mr. Greeley is a frequent speaker. His name usually comes at the end of the report, introduced with 'Horace Greeley being loudly called for,

made a few remarks to the following purport. The call is never declined; nor does he ever speak without saying something; and when he has said it, he resumes his seat."

The remarkable man!

In 1851, Horace went to see the World's Fair in Hyde Park. No foolish curiosity or sentimentality instigated the philosophic editor; his main object, as announced (the American editor keeps his readers regularly informed on all his movements) in the *Tribune*, being to inspect "the improvements recently made, or now being made, in the modes of dressing flax and hemp, and preparing them to be spun and woven by steam or water power."

The departure and passage are carefully described; Mr. Parton having apparently paid a steward to note, watch in hand, all the phenomena of Horace's sea-sickness. Nothing that he saw in this effete country seems to have in the least impressed his great mind. The royal procession would have faded before "a parade of the New York Firemen or Odd Fellows." The Queen he patronizingly noticed, and was even "glad to see," though "he could not but feel that her vocation was behind the intelligence of the age, and likely to go out of fashion at no distant day;" but not, poor thing! "through her fault." The posts of honor nearest her person should have been confided, he thought, to "the descendants of Watt and Arkwright;" the foreign ambassadors should have been "the sons of Fitch, Fulton, Whitney, Daguerre, and Morse," &c. &c. Hampton Court he thought "larger than the Astor House, but less lofty, and containing fewer rooms." Westminster Abbey was "a mere barbaric profusion of lofty ceilings, stained windows, carving, graining, and all manner of contrivances for absorbing labor and money;" less adapted for public worship "than a fifty thousand dollar church in New York." He gives credit to the English for many good qualities, but thinks them "a most un-ideal people,"—he, the romantic Greeley! "He liked the amiable women of England, so excellent at the fire-side, so tame in the drawing-room; but he doubts whether they could so much as comprehend the ideas which underlie the woman's rights movement." (The amiable women of England may well console themselves under a doubt so complimentary to their common-sense.) In Paris the great man was apparently in better humor, devoting two days to the Louvre—a wonderful fact. His great political sagacity shines forth in his estimate of French affairs in June 1851. France he found as "tranquil and prosperous as England herself;" as for fear from Louis Napoleon, he "marvels at the obliquity

of vision whereby any one is enabled, standing in this metropolis, to anticipate the subversion of the Republic." In Italy his first remark was, that he had never seen a region so much in want of "a few subsoil ploughs." Edinburgh, it seems, was honored, before his return to New York, by a visit from this great unknown; and we are proud to learn that it "surpassed his expectations."

"In the composition of this work," says our judicious biographer, "I have, as a rule, abstained from the impertinence of panegyric." When, therefore, he tells us that the rolling together of Greeley and M'Elrath, after the manner of a dumpling, would result in something like perfection; that Greeley is "too much in earnest to be a perfect editor;" that "he is a BORN LEGISLATOR," and "could save a nation, but never learn to tie a cravat;" that he is New York's "most distinguished citizen, the Country's most influential man," and editor of the best paper in existence; that, in short, he is "the Franklin of this generation—Franklin liberalized and enlightened,"—we are to take these statements as the sober expression of bare hard fact; and the reader is left to conclude from them how much might have been said by a more partial and weak-minded biographer—his imagination is left to fill up the outline of a Greeley's perfections!

But does the reader wish to see the man himself—to know his height and weight, not metaphorically, but actually in British feet and inches, and in pounds avoirdupois? So pleasant and laudable a desire the amiable Parton is far from disappointing; for does not the great man say that "there's no use in any man's writing a biography unless he can tell what no one else can tell." Here, then, reader, you have it, what no one else assuredly could, would, or should dream of telling you but the inimitable, the unapproachable Parton:

"Horace Greeley stands five feet ten and a half inches, in his stockings. He weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. Since his return from Europe in 1851, he has increased in weight, and promises to attain, in due time, something of the dignity which belongs to any lithe of person. He stoops considerably, not from age, but from a constitutional pliancy of the back-bone, aided by his early habit of incessant reading. In walking, he swings or sways from side to side. Seen from behind, he looks, as he walks with head depressed, bended back, and swaying gait, like an old man; an illusion which is heightened if a stray lock of white hair escapes from under his hat. But the expression of his face is singularly and engagingly youthful. His complexion is extremely fair, and a smile plays ever upon his countenance. His head, measured round the organs

of Individuality and Philoprogenitiveness, is twenty-three and a half inches in circumference, which is considerably larger than the average. His forehead is round and full, and rises into a high and ample dome. The hair is white, inclining to red at the ends, and thinly scattered over the head. Seated in company, with his hat off, he looks not unlike the 'Philosopher' he is often called; no one could take him for a common man."

Now, then, reader, if you do not give us credit for introducing you to the acme of modern biography, we pronounce you the most ungrateful and least discriminating of human beings. "If Horace Greeley were a flower," says J. P., "botanists would call him single, and examine him with interest." "He is what the Germans sometimes style 'a nature.'" And if J. P. also were a flower, botanists would inevitably pronounce him "a tulip." He is what in Scotland we sometimes call "a natural" — otherwise known as "a halfling;" or, in vernacular English, a born fool. Horace Greeley is not, to our mind, a person very agreeable or very venerable; but intensely as we dislike his bad qualities, and those of his paper (in some respects a good one — very attentive, in its own peculiar way, to literature, and excellently printed*), his dreary fanaticism and vulgarity, his bigoted Yankeeism, his strong anti-British feeling — much as we dislike all this, we do not like to see him made absolutely ridiculous, had he no other good quality than the pleasure he takes in farming. We are not surprised, however, to learn that he has few friends, "and no cronies." His biographer, at least, is not among the former; for any man would accept his chance against a Kentucky rifle sooner than a biography at the hands of Mr. J. Parton. There is this comfort, at least, that Horace Greeley "has no pleasures, so called, and suffers little pain," otherwise, we imagine, the admiring scribbler would not, with such inconceivable indelicacy, have opened the doors of his closet, and exhibited him *in puris naturalibus* to the gaze of the world.

Turn we now to the veracious record of the Life and Adventures of the Jack Ketch of editors, the redoubtable and happily unparalleled James Gordon Bennett, with whom, for several reasons, we must be brief. The author has of course sought no counsel from

* Of the printing-office and editorial rooms Mr. Parton gives a minute account, not falling to give us the names and describe the personal attractions of all the leading officials, including the distinguished foreman, Mr. T. Rooker, who warns "gentlemen desiring to wash and soak their distributing matter," to use the "metal galley" he has cast for that purpose! "It took the world," says Mr. P., "an unknown number of thousand years to arrive at that word GENTLEMEN." What a pity that some smart man does not write a little book on "The Flunkiness of Democracy."

"Mr. Bennett, nor any one connected with him." The work is a pure labor of love, "a spontaneous act of literary justice" to the character of a noble and much maligned man. The former statement we perfectly believe, as we imagine the consultation would naturally proceed *from* and not *to* the subject of the memoir. As to the spontaneity, there can be little doubt that the work was prompted by the dumpy and infatuated volume of which we have attempted faintly to shadow forth the beauties, — as to "justice," no man is more dreadfully in earnest for justice than when he defends himself. The motto prefixed from Dr. Johnson is admirable: "*History, which draws a portrait of living manners, may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions.*" Which being applied to the present case, may be interpreted to signify that the life of a notorious blackguard is more eloquent than a sermon of Dr. Blair, and conveys the knowledge of virtue, through the exhibition of its contrary, with more impressiveness than all the proverbs of Solomon! In this sense the Life of Mr. James Gordon Bennett might, in faithful and competent hands, do as much good as the *Newgate Calendar*, or Defoe's *Autobiography of an Unfortunate Female*, — it might carry along with it, as this preface says, "not a few valuable lessons." Unhappily, however, the genius of this biographer is utterly unequal to the subject, and instead of a lifelike and instructive portraiture, he has produced a senseless and incredible daub. More speaking by far is the portrait which fronts the title-page. It represents in sharp outline the face of a hard-headed, heavy-browed, obstinate man; vulpine sagacity in the wrinkles of the mouth and the corners of the eyes; long upper-lip and heavy under-jaw; and bold vulturine nose seeming to scent carrion from afar. The eyes are upturned in sculptured lifelessness — in artistic justice, we presume, to that unfortunate ophthalmic defect known as a diabolical squint. The portrait, we say, is better than the book, and tells, though probably a flattering likeness, a clearer and more honest story.

"Is it not," inquired Mr. Dickens in New York, "a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-so should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not? — Yes, sir. A convicted liar? — Yes, sir. He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned? — Yes, sir. And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and

profligate?—Yes, sir. In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?—*Well, sir, he is a smart man!*" Such is the satisfactory solution of the problem to which we have already alluded, the solution of the Barum phenomenon, and with it of all analogous phenomena. Similar is the testimony of the smart young man whom we have just parted with. "Every race," he says, "has its own ideas respecting what is best in the character of a man. . . . When a Yankee would bestow his most special commendation upon another, he says, 'That is a man, sir, who generally succeeds in what he undertakes.'"

Let no delicate and high-minded person, therefore, be astonished that such a man as James Gordon Bennett, whom the respectability of New York has for twenty years loathingly patronized, should have attained a commanding position among the spiritual powers of the American Republic. He is a man of undeniable "smartness"—not in our sense, for we have never seen a line of his composition that exhibited anything above what could be called third-rate mediocrity of thought and style, but in the sense of keen appreciation of means and ends, audacious scheming, impenetrability to shame, and invincible endurance of chastisement. His inflections in this respect, both moral and physical, he has uniformly turned to the best account; in a sense different from that of the Psalmist, he can say that it was good for him to be afflicted. No man probably ever made more dollars by the proclamation of his own disgrace. A mere catalogue of the horse-whippings he has undergone during his long career of inglorious, would astonish the nerves of our readers.* Each new infliction has been prominently blazoned in the columns of the *Herald*, and the attractive words, "COW-HIDED AGAIN!!!" have been

* On this subject the biography maintains, with one or two exceptions, a prudent reserve. One pathetic description is attempted of the old sinner, "as he stood in his editorial rooms in Nassau Street, while from his head was washed the blood that incarnadined the snows of fifty winters." After the washing of his headpiece, the invincible editor coolly sat down to narrate the "assassination" in his own choice style for the benefit of his readers. The following may pass as a specimen of his manner. "James Watson Webb," editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, was an old comrade of the writer's.

"As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday, in Wall Street, collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me on the northern side of the street, said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the broker's offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury.

"My damage is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will restate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian forty dollars, and a blow in the face, which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know. Balance in my favor, 39 dollars 94 cents."

duly followed by a rush of buyers, and a cheering flow of cents into the pockets of the complacent victim! On this subject his own testimony and that of his biographer are singularly frank and decided:

"Since I knew myself, all the real approbation I sought for was my own. If my conscience was satisfied on the score of morals, and my ambition on the matter of talent, I always felt easy. On this principle I have acted from my youth up, and on this principle I mean to die. Nothing can disturb my equanimity. I know myself—so does the Almighty. Is not that enough?"

"This," says the biographer, "is not the language and spirit of a common mind. It is the essence of a philosophy which has not deserted a man who has never failed to republish every slander against himself, and who has been conscious always that calumnies cannot outlive and overshadow truth."

A man whose conscience seems never to have given him much trouble, and whose ambition has been satisfied with the acquisition of wealth and political power, may well feel easy under the whips and scorns of a whole universe! This is assuredly, and we rejoice to think so, not the language and spirit of the majority of mankind. Those only despise the approbation of their fellows who have shaken off the attributes of humanity, and accept the reverse of the proverb that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The impious allusion to the Almighty is worthy of a Couthon or a Marat.*

The success of such a journal as the *New York Herald* is an undeniable blot on the community on whose follies and vices it batten into prosperity. The damning fact cannot be denied, that it was not in spite but on account of their scandalous character that such journals first attracted public attention, and secured a hearing. While, therefore, we diminish not a jot our abhorrence of the men who reared these monuments of their own infamy, we are bound to regard them as but the concentrated type of the character that pervaded their constituency. If the *New York Herald* was unprincipled and obscene, the readers of the *New York Herald* must have shared in these qualities. Its conductor may have been a scoundrel, but he certainly was no fool; he fed his readers with such food as suited their taste. Had

* Mr. Bennett, it would appear, is not indeed utterly free from the human feeling of "love of approbation"—the approbation, however, of "peculiar" characters. Mr. O'Connell insulted him at a great Repeal gathering in Dublin, by saying, when his card was presented, "We don't want him here. He is one of the conductors of one of the vilest Gazettes ever published by infamous publishers." Poor Bennett was "ill for some days in Scotland"—probably, thinks the tender biographer, in consequence of this unexpected repulse from a brother demagogue.

that taste been purer, he was knowing enough to have provided cleaner fare: in a grave and religious community he would probably have preached with unctuous decorum. Already the taste of that community has improved (no thanks, assuredly, to him); the deluge of vituperation and indecency has subsided, and the *New York Herald* has followed the temper of the time. It may not, as the helpless biographer tells us it is, be "a familiar journal at every court throughout the world, and in all intelligent communities," but, compared with its former self, it is positively respectable.

Granting, therefore, that James Gordon Bennett was as disreputable an editor as Dr. Faust's great patron ever let loose upon mankind, it is both philosophically and historically just that we should regard him, as Germans would say, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as a highly-remarkable-and-in-itself-much-embracing-development of social existence. The half-apologetic statements on this subject by the biographer, who is in general so preposterous in his partiality and admiration as to be utterly beyond criticism, are among the most curious things in the book. After describing the state of society and of journalism previous to 1833, he says:

"A more fortunate position of circumstances cannot be imagined than that which presented itself for Mr. Bennett's talents at this period. He had been moulded by events and experience to take a part in the change which the Press was about to undergo. . . .

"Mr. Bennett was prepared in every way for the occasion. He had been just so far injured as to urge him to take hold of the world with but little mercy for its foibles, and with so little regard to its opinions that he could distinguish himself by an original course in Journalism. He felt as Byron did after the Scotch Reviewers had embittered his soul by their harsh treatment of his 'Hours of Idleness.' This was a mood highly favorable to the production of a rare effect. The dormant spirit of the people could only be awakened by something startling and novel, and circumstances had produced a man for the times."

The early numbers of the *Herald*, we are told, were "agreeable, pleasantly written, and comparatively prudish." The habits of the editor were "exemplary." Finding that this sort of thing was "no go," the astute adventurer took a bolder course, and flung aside those trammels of decency and moderation which would have impeded or ruined the prospects of a weaker and less original mind. The biographer admits that his hero behaved somewhat grossly, but argues, as one might plead in defence of a vampire or a cobra-de-capello, that he merely used the weapons which nature had given him, and

that at any rate he was no worse than his neighbors.

"The improved taste of the present hour will not sanction the mode in which Mr. Bennett at first undertook to be the censor of society: but a philosophical analysis of the means which were used in his peculiar and eccentric course (!) exhibits motives as the springs of action, which do not necessarily indicate a callous heart or a bad temper. . . . That Mr. Bennett had been provoked to use any and all power at his command, to overturn the wanton assailants of his character, cannot be denied. He had but armed himself with the best instruments Heaven had bestowed upon him, and his mode of warfare was quite as dignified as that which had been resorted to, and adopted for fifteen or twenty years before, by the Press generally."

If, instead of the blasphemous word "Heaven" we substitute another more congruous to the nature of the subject, the above may be taken as a sufficiently "philosophical" view of the point at issue. A little farther on there is a still clearer admission. After telling us that the public did not care for political articles in such small sheets as the *Herald*, the biographer shows how it became necessary for Mr. Bennett to fill his paper with falsehood and obscenity:

"It would have been folly, therefore, to have attempted to make a daily offering to the public of a newspaper, such as is accepted even at the present hour. Mr. Bennett saw this—he felt it. He wrote to create an interest for himself and the *Herald*. In this he was pecuniarily wise, for had he taken a more dignified course, and thus have produced only such studied articles as he had contributed to the *Courier and Enquirer*, from 1829 to 1832, the *Herald* would not have existed for a single month, unless sustained by a sacrifice of capital which it was not in the power of Mr. Bennett to command. All of his success depended upon his making a journal wholly different from any one that was in existence."

And in that attempt the enterprising editor succeeded to a miracle, for certainly anything approaching to the *Herald* in its "peculiar" character, the literature of civilization had not seen!

That there may be no mistake on the matter, the biographer, in summing up the transcendent merits of Mr. Bennett near the close of the volume, assures us that the course pursued was perfectly deliberate:

"On the 6th of May 1835, he commenced his work of regeneration by publishing the first number of the *New York Herald*, which, till it was established, was conducted with such peculiarities as secured it attention—peculiarities which seemed to have sprung from a mind resolved to carry out certain broad personal characteristics, which in themselves furnish the

bitterest satire upon the true nature of political and social life known to the literature of any age or country. The course adopted was not based on impulse. There is no excuse for it on that ground. It was the fruit of the most careful reflection, as is proved by the fact that the original prospectus has not been departed from in any point whatever during a period of twenty years. The original design was to establish a journal which should be independent of all parties, and the influence of which should be grounded upon its devotion to the popular will—a plan which has found numerous imitators, and which is the only one suited to satisfy the demands of the public."

Mr. Bennett, who of course "endorses" these sentiments, is thus, it is evident, as much at ease in his "conscience" with regard to his past conduct as ever, and would, if the thing were to be done over again, do

it *con amore* again. The popular will—not Truth or Righteousness; the most sweet voices of the rabble, not the still small voice of the man within the breast—that, then, is the creed of this "regenerator" of journalism—*Apaga Satana*.

The best type of Scottish character is eminently distinguished by force and earnestness; but as a Scotchman, when he is good, is intensely so—a Scotchman, when he sells himself to Clooty, is perhaps of all human beings the most devoted servant of that personage. Scotland, which has produced such eminent examples of genius and nobleness in this century as Thomas Chalmers and John Wilson, had the misfortune to give birth also to James Gordon Bennett. Let her not grieve, for the same England that gave birth to John Milton was the mother likewise of Titus Oates.

DEPOPULATION.—The antiquity of the outcry on this subject is proved by a proclamation, 1st June, second year of Edward VI.:

"Whereas, in time past, ten, twenty, yea, in some places, a hundred or two hundred Christian people hath been inhabiting and kept household to the bringing forth and nourishing of youth, and to the replenishing and fulfilling of his majesty's realms with faithful subjects . . . now there is nothing kept but sheep and bullocks: all that land which heretofore was tilled and occupied with so many men, and did bring forth not only diverse families in work and labor, but also capons, hens, chickens, pigs, and other such furniture of the mercats, is now gotten, by insatiable greediness of mind, into one or two men's hands, and scarcely dwelt upon with one poor shepherd; so that the realm thereby is brought to a marvellous desolation, houses decayed, parishes diminished, the force of the realm weakened, and Christian people, by the greedy covetousness of some men, eaten up and devoured by brute beasts, and driven from their houses by sheep and bullocks," &c.

THE SWEEPINGS OF SCIENCE.—The latest accounts from New South Wales include a list of donations to the Australian Museum; which seems to promise to comprise as large a bundle of miscellaneous rubbish, as some of the infant Museums in our provincial towns are found to contain. The first item of a startling nature that caught our attention is—

"A centipede presented by Master Keon."

And we cordially congratulate that young gen-

tleman on having got the Centipede off his hands. How Master Keon became possessed of the Centipede is a puzzle to us; but that his Mamma should have exclaimed, "Take away the nasty creature," and that young Keon should have straightway carried it off to the Museum and presented it to the authorities, is all natural enough. The "next article," as the linendrapers say, when they insist on showing you the whole contents of a warehouse, when you want to purchase a quarter of a yard of "edging" or any other trifle; the "next article" is—

"A native dress from the Feejees. Presented by Captain W. Lee."

No description is given of the dress in question; but, judging from our own experience of aboriginal costume, we should say that the "native dress" would probably consist of a bunch of feathers, a few beads, and an old door-mat, in which the forest chieftains are generally satisfied to make their appearance, when they think it worth while to attempt any *toilette* at all. Another contributor to the Museum has liberally placed "the portions of an egg-shell" at the disposal of the trustees. Some bits of egg-shell do not promise at first sight a very rich repast to the lovers of science; but the fragments in question derive some interest from the statement that they formed a part of the habitation of some very strange bird, now said to be extinct. We must admit that the Australians are not very far behind us as "collectors" of rubbish with scientific names, and with a few black beetles on pins, the Museum may be considered as almost complete. — *Punch*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DOCTOR IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

"A MAN may escape from the rope or the gun, Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill;"

but who can escape death or bonds, if the doctor, speaking from the vantage ground of the witness-box, shall pronounce him to be worthy of either? It becomes daily more difficult to reply satisfactorily to this question, for almost every day brings its evidence that the doctor is growing more and more ambitious to carry his science into courts of law. We confess to many a painful reflection upon this subject, when it has been brought within the circle of our thoughts by passing occurrences; but, surrounded as it is by many difficulties, we have not yielded to an inclination to discuss it with our readers, until the circumstances of one of the most remarkable criminal trials upon record have, in a manner, forced it upon the public attention. In the "Great Burdon slow poisoning case," as it has been named, we have an instance, as far as we know, singular, in which a prosecution for murder was carried on with unexampled acrimony, from a basis of medical testimony alone, together unsupported by moral or circumstantial evidence; or rather, we should say, in direct opposition to the strongest probabilities and most obvious facts, and in the entire absence of even a shadow of direct proof. A short, connected statement of the circumstances, as they were developed in protracted investigations, before three legal tribunals, carried on with the aid of the highest forensic skill, and with no small bitterness on the part of the prosecutors, will, we expect, show that we do not lay down this position without sufficient warrant.

Mr. Joseph Snaith Wooler, a gentleman of independent means and middle rank, now forty-five years of age, married eighteen years ago Jane Brecknell, a lady of suitable position, and about the same age, the daughter of a surgeon. They went together to India, for what purpose does not appear; but upon their return, some seven or eight years since, they settled at Great Burdon, in the county of Durham, a neighborhood in which both husband and wife were known, and where each of them was within reach of near relatives. There they resided constantly, with the exception of one or two short visits to friends, up to the period of Mrs. Wooler's

death in June last; and there Mr. Wooler continued to reside for a month subsequent to that event, when he was arrested upon an information made by his brother-in-law, Mr. William Henry Brecknell, charging him with the murder of the deceased lady, by the wilful administration of poison. Mr. and Mrs. Wooler had no children; they were both constitutional invalids, careful of their health and fond of medical attendance and treatment. They seem to have been mutually necessary to each other as nurses; and the strongest evidence of their having always lived together, in the most harmonious and affectionate manner was given by the witnesses for the prosecution. No attempt was made to refute this testimony, and it was admitted upon all hands that it was absolutely impossible to imagine any motive to the alleged crime. "I freely confess," said Mr. James in opening the case against Mr. Wooler, "that, from the first to the last, I cannot suggest a motive. The conduct of the prisoner evinces apparently a feeling of the strongest affection. I am not aware that there had been any quarrel between him and his wife. I am not aware that they led other than a happy life, and were considered an affectionate couple."* As this confession was made by a learned counsel, against some of whose statements, as being unsupported by evidence, the judge very pointedly cautioned the jury, it may be taken as proof that ingenuity, sharpened by considerable zeal, had failed to discover the slightest moral basis for suspicion of the prisoner's guilt. Mr. Wooler had no insurance upon his wife's life. According to his own deposition before the coroner, which was not contradicted, he lost a small annuity by her death. He had no attachment to the indulgence of which she was an obstacle. The amplest and most trustworthy evidence showed that she was a faithful wife, a kind companion and nurse, an active and trusted mistress of his household.

Under these circumstances, Dr. Jackson, a general practitioner—that is, a person who combines the practice of medicine with the compounding and selling of drugs—was called in to attend Mrs. Wooler on the 8th

* We quote from the *Durham County Advertiser*, for Dec. 14, 1855. To the careful report of the trial in that journal, and to an equally careful report of the investigation before the magistrates at Darlington, reprinted from the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, we are chiefly indebted for a knowledge of the facts of this extraordinary case.

of May. He had seen her professionally once or twice before, and he found her, as he thought, then, suffering from influenza and disordered stomach, for which he treated her. She had difficulty of breathing, slight redness about the eyes, and a very quick pulse; the remedies he gave her were, according to his own statement, effervescing magnesia, willow bark, and "medicines of a sedative character, more or less." About a week afterwards she suffered from severe vomiting and irritation of the bowels, which continued, with two slight intermissions, until she died upon the 27th of June. Some importance was attached, by the conductors of the prosecution, to the fact, that about a week before Dr. Jackson was sent for, Mrs. Wooler had suffered in a slight degree from the symptoms we have just mentioned. Being constitutionally "delicate and weak," she one day said "she felt very poorly; she had a pain in her head, and went out and had a walk. She came in and had her tea, but was not so well. She was sick that night, and vomited." A significance was attempted to be given to this occurrence, by adducing proof before the magistrates, that Mr. Wooler did not partake of the soup which constituted part of their dinner on that day; but it was proved that he "never did take soup;" and the point not having been pressed at the trial, no light was thrown upon it by inquiries as to whether the soup had been eaten of by other persons, and if so, with what consequences.

On the 16th of May Mr. Henszell, assistant to Dr. Jackson, and described as "a gentleman who had a very high education indeed," visited Mrs. Wooler. He then "believed her to be laboring under irritation of the intestinal canal;" but, in addition to the symptoms peculiarly indicative of that disease, he describes her to have had "short tickling cough, with an uneasy sensation at the windpipe, and a pulse from 110 to 120." He treated her for a disordered stomach, continuing the medicines previously prescribed by Dr. Jackson. On the 4th of June Mr. Henszell again saw Mrs. Wooler, and finding the symptoms of irritation aggravated, he says he "was led to conjecture such effects might be produced by arsenical poison." He did not, however, mention his suspicions until the 7th of June, as he stated at the trial, or till the 8th or 9th, as deposed before the magistrates, when, Dr. Jackson having made him

acquainted with the fact that a similar idea had occurred to his mind, they had a conversation upon the subject. Nevertheless, upon the 6th of June, Mr. Henszell and Dr. Jackson consulted with Dr. Devy, a medical gentleman of Wolsingham, who visited Mrs. Wooler at the request of her husband, and neither of those gentlemen spoke of the suspicions they entertained. On the 8th of June, the day, or the day after, Dr. Jackson (according to his own varying statements) had "made up his mind that Mrs. Wooler was suffering from arsenical poison," Mr. Wooler called upon him and asked his opinion with respect to her. "I told him (deposed the doctor) she was in a dangerous state, and my opinion was unfavorable. I thought she was consumptive, and had ulceration in the bowels." The husband was greatly irritated at not having been sooner informed of his wife's illness, "as he said he was able to have the best advice," and he expressed his discontent so warmly as, in the opinion of the judge, to warrant surprise that Dr. Jackson should have thought it right to continue his attendance. He did so, however, and upon that same day held a consultation with Dr. Haslewood, another physician and general practitioner of Darlington, who was employed partly upon his own recommendation, and after he had refused to meet Dr. Strother, an old practitioner of the same town, whose name was suggested by Mr. Wooler.* At the period of this consultation all the symptoms which had aroused suspicion in the minds of Messrs. Jackson and Henszell were present; yet the joint opinion then pronounced was that the patient "had delicacy of the lungs, but that there was not that ex-

* Among some remarkable features of this case which do not appear to have attracted the attention of the counsel for the prisoner, is a very strange variation in the evidence respecting the consultation of the 8th of June. At the trial, Dr. Jackson deposed very distinctly that he took part in it. Referring to Dr. Haslewood, he said: "We had the first consultation on the 8th." On his cross-examination he said: "Dr. Haslewood and I had a consultation on the afternoon of that day. Dr. Haslewood, Mr. Henszell, and I, perhaps, met in my house after that, and consulted." The evidence of Dr. Haslewood corroborates this statement; but it is directly contradicted by the testimony of Mr. Henszell at the trial, and by that given by Dr. Jackson before the magistrates. Mr. Henszell swore that he was "not present at the consultation between Drs. Haslewood and Jackson;" and Dr. Jackson deposed before the magistrates that "he did not go to meet Dr. Haslewood," assigning as a reason that he felt himself insulted by his assistant being asked to attend in place of himself—Mr. Henszell being supposed to have the most accurate ear for testing the state of the chest. "A letter was put in, written by Dr. Jackson to Mr. Wooler, stating that his assistant would not be in attendance, as the proceeding was contrary to professional etiquette."

tent of disease in the chest but that she might live for many years." Nothing was said to Dr. Haslewood respecting poison, and although he continued to attend the lady in conjunction with the two others until she died, his mind remained altogether free from suspicion until the 17th of June, when his thoughts were directed in that course by a note from Mr. Hensell. Two days subsequently the Doctor's thoughts found expression in words: "On the 19th (he says), riding out with Dr. Jackson, I said: You have another patient laboring under vomiting, and Mr. Hensell says something about poisoning. Dr. Jackson looked surprised, but when I told him I knew who it was—that it was Mrs. Wooler—he acknowledged I was right."

The origin and progress of the growth of these suspicions are very curious. There was, no doubt, as Baron Martin observed, much in them, as they were detailed in evidence, that was wisdom after the event. According to their own account, the doctors strongly suspected that murder was being committed before their eyes, yet they looked quietly on at the deed, only, as we shall see, coolly making ready to hang a murderer. Well might the judge remark, that if they were telling the truth their conduct was astonishing and incomprehensible. The conclusion at which he arrived was, "that they did not entertain so strong an impression that the woman was being poisoned before her death, as they believed." It is plain, nevertheless, that they did suspect, and that their suspicion was based upon a circumstance which all amateur dabblers in physic will do well to reflect upon. During the early part of Mrs. Wooler's illness, while she was yet able to move about, it happened that she brought an Indian basket containing a number of bottles of drugs into the dining-room, in presence of her husband, and showed them to Dr. Jackson.* The doctor was unable to recollect the cause of this exhibition, but it is explained in his own account of a second similar occurrence: "I was attending (he says) a man at the toll-bar, and it was brought for me to see if there was any medicine which would suit me for him." In like manner and for a like purpose the basket,

and another similarly stocked, were subsequently shown to Dr. Haslewood. They contained more than forty bottles, some of them empty, and others containing drugs of various kinds. Among them were veratrin and strychnine, subtle vegetable poisons; and according to the evidence of the two doctors, an ounce bottle, labelled "Fowler's solution of arsenic," having in it about a teaspoonful of fluid, similar in color to that preparation. This bottle was seen by Dr. Jackson twice at a considerable interval of time, and he observed no difference in the quantity of its contents on the two occasions. It was not found in the basket at the investigation before the magistrates, nor was any proof adduced, then or subsequently, that it really contained the fluid named on the label. Out of it, nevertheless, grew the suspicion that subsequently attained so formidable a development. "The poison," said Dr. Jackson, "must have been administered with consummate wisdom and the greatest caution—administered otherwise it would have been easily found out. Mr. Wooler possesses such knowledge." "Dr. Jackson," said Mr. Hensell, "on the 8th or 9th June, told me he thought Mrs. Wooler was laboring under arsenical poison. I afterwards told Dr. Jackson that I at first thought so myself, but rejected the idea, because I did not think there was anybody about possessing sufficient scientific acquaintance with the action and nature of the poison. I scouted the idea, but Dr. Jackson removed all my doubts by assuring me of the presence of the poison in the house, and of a person conversant with its action and properties." The next day Mr. Hensell began to analyze the excretions of the patient, from one sample of which he deposed that he obtained a metallic substance, the nature of which he did not know at the time, but which, about the time of her death, he succeeded in proving to be arsenic. The chase after the supposed criminal now became hotter. The poor victim was abandoned to her fate; but much preparation was made to avenge her, and in every step the individual who was thought to be most concerned in baffling inquiry sedulously assisted. He brought around the bed of his wife numerous disinterested witnesses of all that was going on. The curate of the parish was allowed free access to the sick-room, and was present at the closing scene. Miss Middleton and

*There is here another remarkable variation in Dr. Jackson's evidence. He deposed before the magistrates that he "never saw her out of bed from the 8th of May to the time of her death;" but the affair of the Indian basket occurred, according to his evidence on the trial, after that date, and she was then down stairs and moving about.

Miss Lanchester, two respectable friends, were constantly in attendance; the latter slept with the dying woman, and was scarcely absent from her room during the last month of her life. Her husband's niece and brother were constantly with her. Her own sister, repeatedly invited, at length yielded to Mr. Wooler's earnest solicitations, and arrived from London in time to see her die. He kept a slate, and subsequently a book, in which he or one of the other attendants daily recorded the slightest symptoms, for the information of the medical men. Drs. Jackson and Haslewood and Mr. Henzell were in constant daily attendance. Dr. Devey was called into consultation; Dr. Strother, proposed as a consultant, was objected to by Dr. Jackson. Mr. Dixon, a surgeon, of Newcastle, was sent for, but was unable to attend; and an attempt was made, through a nephew of the patient, who happened to be a pupil of Sir John Fife, an eminent surgeon, of the same town, to ascertain if that gentleman's experience was likely to enable him to suggest any change of treatment. Mr. Wooler was unremitting in his own attentions to his wife, frequently assisting to administer the medicines ordered by the doctors; but always in an open and unguarded manner. He never prepared any of the home-made medicaments, and the bottle from which he occasionally dropped laudanum into them under medical sanction, lay sometimes on the wash-stand, sometimes on the table. He facilitated, in every possible way, the prosecution of Mr. Henzell's chemical researches, directing his servant to preserve everything which that gentleman wished to examine; and when at length the poor woman was released from her sufferings on the 27th of June, the three doctors carried out their inquiries by a *post-mortem* examination, without restriction or supervision.

The *post-mortem* examination was made upon the 28th of June,* when some of the viscera were removed without the knowledge of Mr. Wooler or his brother, and conveyed by Dr. Jackson to Mr. Richardson, a chemist at Newcastle, on the 30th. On the previous day Dr. Jackson had written a note to Mr. Wooler, stating that his wife had died from the effects of poison. The note was left by the doctor's man with an intimation that it

required no answer. It was received by Mr. Wooler with obvious marks of surprise: "he called Miss Lanchester and Miss Brecknell into the dining-room, and in the presence of them and of his servant, Ann Taylor, he read the note. I don't recollect exactly the words (said the last-named witness), but I think he said 'atrocious.' He said: 'Poison—could it be in the food, Ann?' I said 'no.' He said, 'where could it be?' and I said I did not know. I asked where the medicine bottles were, and he said they had better not be touched. He added, 'you had better lock them in your box, as you have made the food.' I got the bottles and placed them in my box." Immediately upon the receipt of this note, Mr. Wooler's brother took it to the coroner, and an inquest was held on the morning of the 30th of June, but adjourned to the 13th of July, in order to obtain the evidence of Mr. Richardson, the chemist to whose examination the viscera had been submitted. The finding of the jury was to the effect that the death had been caused by irritant poison, but by what means was unknown. To use the words of the counsel for the prosecution, "that proceeding was not by any means satisfactory to the friends of the deceased. Further investigation took place, and Mr. Wooler was apprehended upon a charge of murdering his wife by poison. The matter was investigated by the magistrates, and ultimately Mr. Wooler was committed to take his trial." The sole apparent representative of the friends of the deceased who were unsatisfied was her brother, Mr. W. H. Brecknell, upon whose information the investigation was held.

The trial, which lasted three days, resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner, after deliberation by the jury for not more than three or four minutes. There was practically no defence; the case for the prosecution fell through simply by its own weight. We have carefully collected and weighed the whole of the evidence, as well that contained in the depositions as that given upon the trial, and there is not, we think, a single particular of importance omitted from the digest we have laid before our readers. Yet there will not be found in it a shadow of proof of any kind to connect the prisoner with the administration of poison to the deceased, if poison was administered to her. In the somewhat unguarded, but perfectly

* Here again Dr. Jackson's deposition is at variance with his evidence at the trial. In the former he assigned the 29th as the date of the *post-mortem*.

true words of the judge, suspicion might rest upon any person whatever, as rationally as upon Mr. Wooler. If he had a knowledge of drugs, so had the doctors; if he had poison in his possession, so had they; if he had opportunity to administer it, so had they; if it was possible that his nature might have been rendered exceptional to that of all mankind by a diabolical mania for motiveless murder, so might theirs. The single peculiarity in Mr. Wooler's case, as compared with that of his accusers, was the fact, that he had been for eighteen years the attached and tender husband of the supposed victim of his hypothetical crime. The conjugal relation was absolutely the one point upon which the presumption of this unfortunate man's guilt was based. We can conceive but one hypothesis as absurd and untenable as this, namely, that guilt might be presumed from the relation of physician to patient; and although no one will accept this counter-supposition as a solution of the Burdon case, yet, violent and irrational as it is, it has positively more color from circumstances than the other. The husband, throughout, affected no concealments: "there was nothing secret (said Dr. Jackson), all was open as day." He brought out his bottle with a tea-spoonful of fluid appearing to be arsenical solution, again and again, as though it had been (like the blue bottle in the druggist-doctor's window) the sign of his horrid trade. He noted down the symptoms of the sick woman with scrupulous exactness, and showed the notes daily to the medical attendants. On the other hand, the doctors' conduct was not free from unnecessary affectation of mystery. They said nothing of their suspicions, or of their having obtained the assistance of a noted medical jurist in Edinburgh to search for evidence of poison. Dr. Haslewood omitted from the statement of the case he prepared with a view of being shown to Sir John Fife, a symptom to which he attached particular importance, and he did so, he said, "because, if he had mentioned it, it would have been equivalent to saying it was a case of poison." Beside the label upon that ounce vial, there was no evidence of the husband having purchased arsenic, or having had any in his possession; and if the vial had been full, and its contents had been certainly arsenical solution, there would not have been enough to destroy life. But he was only once absent from home,

seven days before the final catastrophe, and then to no greater distance than Bishop Auckland, during the whole time of his wife's illness.

The doctors had unlimited access to the poison in every form. Again, it was Mr. Wooler who pressed for the exhumation of the body, in the course of the investigation before the magistrates, in order that it might be tested by a competent chemist, and it was he who paid Professor Taylor for making the examination. On the other hand, those proceedings were resisted by Doctor Haslewood, and with so much heat as to draw from Mr. Wooler's solicitor the exclamation: "No, no, don't say that! You don't want to destroy a poor man! You don't want to hunt a man down!" Assuredly, we do not think these circumstances warrant any suspicion of guilt on the part of the medical men; but we refer to them to show how utterly baseless was their suspicion against the husband. Yet that suspicion having once been raised, moderation, candor, justice, were all merged in the public mind, beneath an overwhelming desire to cleanse away the sin of a foul crime by the sacrifice of a victim. The witnesses, the magistrates, the bystanders in court, nay, even the attorneys and counsel, were all carried away by this passion. "I have never," said Baron Martin, "during my twenty-five years' experience in the practice of the law, heard anything so utterly disgraceful as that exhibition, in any court of justice." On a pertinent answer being given by a witness, not altogether relevant to the case, but which was supposed to tell against the prisoner, there occurred that disgraceful exhibition. We have already noticed the learned judge's comment upon the exaggerations of the leading counsel for the prosecution; he still more sharply rebuked that gentleman's instructor: "the learned counsel was wrongly instructed, and the person who instructed him had much to answer for." Amid this tumult of passion, it is gratifying to find that those whom the law called out from the mass, and specially charged with the duty of administering justice, were not shaken. The judge and jury stood firm, and in the entire absence of any proof of guilt, the accused man was set free, with an imputation from Baron Martin that he would have stopped the case at an early period, but that he thought it more satisfactory to allow it to be fully heard. It

was not, however, heard fully, and in one portion of it, it was heard only upon one side. In conducting the prisoner's case, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins, no doubt, for sufficient practical reasons, left his defence to the counsel and witnesses for the prosecution. They showed that there was no ground for convicting Mr. Wooler, and his own counsel, whose judgment in such a matter it would be absurd to doubt, stood by and saw him acquitted. To facilitate the process, and to avoid the danger of complication by involving himself in a maze of obscure chemical speculations, Mr. Wilkins evaded all discussion of the main question in the case. He admitted that the woman was poisoned by arsenic, and the admission was accepted by the judge as having been certified to him by the evidence of competent witnesses, uncontradicted. It has been since used by a leading London journal to darken the shadow upon the acquitted man's character, and the example has, of course, been followed by some of the subordinate guides of popular opinion. The remarks to which we refer had no better foundation in knowledge of the subject than in justice or generosity, and unfortunately their real effect has been not merely to darken the shadow of suspicion, but to spread it over a wide area. The acceptance of the admission that the crime of poisoning was committed involves the necessity of speculation as to who was the criminal, and as the majority of reflecting persons will attach more credit to the manfully expressed convictions of Baron Martin than to the dark insinuations of a journalist, innocent persons will, no doubt, be brought within the scope of the public suspicion. It is therefore desirable, even upon this limited ground, that the question should be further discussed, but we shall endeavor to show that a much more extended and graver interest is involved in its settlement.

The acquittal of Mr. Wooler authoritatively strips the case to its original nakedness. It stands now divested of every shred of evidence except the professional testimony of the medical witnesses, and it seems to us to be of extreme importance to consider whether it is safe to found criminal prosecutions upon that basis, and whether it is for the good of society to encourage the medical practitioner to assume the double function of detective policeman and solicitor for the Crown.

In the case before us the medical evidence was of three kinds; dealing with symptoms during life, with appearances of the body after death, and with chemical tests of the presence of poison. With respect to the first, all writers upon the subject admit that in the case of poisoning by arsenic they are

not to be relied upon. "They are undoubtedly equivocal; they often accompany other diseases in a greater or less degree."* "It is obvious," says Professor Taylor,† "that a case of slow poisoning by arsenic might very easily be mistaken for gastro-enteritis, and treated accordingly." And this remark is appended to a case in which symptoms peculiarly relied upon in the prosecution of Mr. Wooler were remarkably obvious. "There was much pain and tenderness down the spine, with frequent muscular tremors; and a crampy feeling of the lower extremities, with partial loss of motion and sensation." In truth, no medical man will, we believe, deny that all the symptoms observed in the case of Mrs. Wooler were compatible with the hypothesis that she died of natural disease; and the fact was admitted by the two medical jurists examined, notwithstanding their somewhat dogmatical assertion that the case was one of arsenical poisoning.

"In my opinion," said Professor Christison, "before the tingling, followed by tetanics, supervened, the symptoms were indicative of poison, but not to the extent they afterwards assumed"; and he added, that, "divesting his mind of everything he had heard, and having read Dr. Haslewood's letter [detailing the symptoms, and written for the purpose of being shown to Sir John Fife], he might have suspected arsenic, but nothing further." Even though the list were completed by the addition of the symptom of tingling, he would not have given an opinion until he had examined the excretions for arsenic. In his letter to Dr. Haslewood, he distinctly warned that gentleman and his colleagues that the symptoms at that period, four days before the lady's death, "though referrible to arsenical poisoning, were such as natural disease might produce." Professor Taylor "believed deceased, from all evidence combined, died from arsenical poison administered in small doses"; but he admitted that "the symptoms anterior to the tingling of the fingers might be caused by something else." After Dr. Jackson had been a daily observer of the case for a month, he pronounced it to be one of consumption and ulceration of the bowels. Nine days later, no idea of anything else being wrong had crossed Dr. Haslewood's mind; nor, in all probability, would suspicion have ever entered it had not Mr. Henzell possessed that dangerous thing, a little learning, and the leisure to use it in pathological speculation.‡

* Beck: Elements of Med. Jurisprudence, 3d Ed. by Darwall, p. 418.

† Taylor on Poisons. Lond. 1848, p. 316.

‡ In a paper published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for January, Dr. Christison says: "On or about the 17th of June, the three medical gentlemen who had all

With respect to the appearances disclosed by the examination of the body after death, the admissions of the medical jurists were even more distinct. "They were," said Dr. Christison, "appearances which arsenic might produce, but they might also be produced by natural disease." Dr. Taylor, referring to his own examination of the viscera, submitted to him, and to the result of his analysis, affirms, that "not having any knowledge of the symptoms of the disease from which the deceased had died, he could not express a positive opinion that she had died from arsenic." The morbid appearances, as described, were tubercular disease of both lungs, with a cavity in one of them; considerable disease of the liver, specially referred to by Dr. Taylor, as not to be accounted for by the presence of arsenic; and extensive ulceration of the intestines. They were, in short, such as to support the view of the case taken by both the attendant doctors on the 8th of June—19 days before the lady's death—when Dr. Jackson said "she was consumptive, and had ulceration in her bowels." That, be it remembered, was the inference drawn by a medical man, at the time uninfluenced by suspicion, from his observation, during an entire month, of symptoms which Dr. Christison, who became acquainted with them through that gentleman's narration, avers, in one of his statements, that he "had never either seen, or read, or heard of, unless from the effects of arsenic." We have seen that this strong averment is not supported by other parts of the doctor's evidence; and we venture to aver, with some confidence, that had the question of poisoning been put out of view, and the symptoms and morbid appearances stated to a score of the most eminent physicians of the day, a majority of them would have confirmed the judgment of Dr. Jackson, as it was pronounced upon the 8th of June. If there be a single symptom in the list, which a man, practically acquainted with disease, would cavil at, as being of very extraordinary occurrence in cases of consumption, it was that of tetanic spasms, which, as they were described, are rather indicative of the action of nuxvomica than of that of arsenic; and, strange to say, we have the testimony of Dr. Jackson, that he was administering that medicine to Mrs. Wooler, at all events, so late as the 14th of June, nine or ten days before the tingling of the hands was noticed. In truth, the opinions expressed by Drs.

Christison and Taylor were deductions from the evidence and opinions of others, combined with such facts as they had themselves an opportunity of observing; and they were both, manifestly, greatly biased by their confidence in the infallibility of their art, respecting the importance of which they entertain notions that the public and the legal profession ought to be acquainted with. Dr. Taylor is of opinion that medical witnesses, who are required to give evidence on intricate points of science, should always be allowed to be present in court,* and he cannot approve of the doctrine that any criminal court should be permitted to select its own degree of chemical proof.† He would, in fact, supersede the jury; and that was the position which he (to a certain extent) and Dr. Christison altogether, assumed upon the Burdon trial. They sat in judgment, and pronounced a verdict upon questions of fact of which they had no other knowledge than such as they derived from the evidence they heard. Upon that occasion their decision was accepted by the court, for it was unchallenged, and therefore unrefuted; and the result has manifestly raised high visions of grandeur in the mind of one of them.

"It is now much the fashion with lawyers," says Dr. Christison, "whether civil or criminal, to rail, both in season and out of season, at medical evidence. * * Not one word of approbation was bestowed, throughout this long trial, on the most elaborate, difficult, and conclusive medical investigation and evidence hitherto produced on any criminal trial in Britain. The proof of poisoning was so perfect, in very nice and difficult circumstances, that even the prisoner's counsel evidently surrendered that point without attempt at dispute, from the very beginning. How different was the case, only five-and-twenty years ago, when the main efforts of counsel were invariably directed to deny and disprove the poisoning!"‡

Let there be but a few more Burdon cases, and it may be hoped that the "great bulwark" will be thrown down, and justice will thenceforward be summarily and effectually done upon all suspected poisoners by the decree of a medical jurist. There has, we acknowledge, been a rather long step taken in that direction by the admissions in the Burdon case; and, with all respect for Dr. Christison, whom we know to be an able and worthy man, but with more respect for the liberties of Englishmen and the institution of trial by jury, we sincerely trust the practice of severely testing medical evidence may remain as he describes it to have been

Independently begun, for some days before, to entertain a lurking idea that the lady might be laboring under the effects of arsenic, frequently administered in small doses, came to an understanding with one another." This statement is quite at variance with Dr. Haslewood's and Mr. Hensell's evidence, which was to the effect mentioned above

* Taylor on Poisons, 1848, page 368.

† Page 345.

‡ Ed. Med. Journal for January, p. 628.

twenty-five years ago. We humbly opine, in short, that the medical witness should be kept, and should diligently strive to keep himself, within his own province; that he should deal with facts rather than with speculations, and that his testimony should be examined with even more jealousy and care than that of a non-scientific deponent to ordinary occurrences. We think, further, that the common rule of evidence which excludes conjectures and speculative opinions has been more freely than beneficially relaxed in favor of medical men, and that in every case in which the reception of such testimony is necessary for the clearing up of medical questions, it should be a stringent rule to obtain it from disinterested practical men, who were neither attendants in the case nor witnesses of the medico-legal facts. It was a mere medico-legal speculation, upon, as we conceive, very insufficient data which served as a basis, in the Burdon case, for a most oppressive prosecution, unsupported by a titlle of evidence against the accused man, or against any human being; and one part of that speculation was certainly a most gratuitous assumption. There was no ground whatever shown for the statement that Mrs. Wooler died from the administration of poison in *small, repeated doses*, as was maintained by Drs. Christison and Taylor. The circumstances were adverse to such a supposition, and well authenticated records show the effects of the drug to be so variable as to render it hazardous indeed to speculate from them upon the manner of its administration in any particular case. Medical men, in truth, are in dark ignorance as to the length of time during which small quantities of arsenic may remain in the human body inoperative, as to the speed with which it is absorbed and permeates the several tissues, as to the time required for its elimination, and as to whether it does or does not accumulate in the body so as after a certain period to occasion, as some other substances do, sudden symptoms and death. In reference to all these points, the state of medical knowledge is shown in the answers given to a question put respecting one of them by the president of a French tribunal. "M. Devergie replied in the negative, and M. Flandin in the affirmative." * Messrs. Devergie and Flandin were poison doctors of high authority; and it is but a few days since a medical jurist, as eminent and capable as any of his craft in the United Kingdom, averred, in our hearing, that he differed in opinion from Drs. Christison and Taylor, and did not think Mrs. Wooler had been poisoned by arsenic given in small, repeated doses. In

truth, neither he nor they had any certain ground for forming an opinion upon the point one way or the other.

And now let us turn to that section of the medical evidence which doubtless made the strongest impression upon the court—the result of chemical analysis. This was of various kinds. Mr. Henzell, described by the counsel for the prosecution as "a man of considerable acquirements and scientific attainments," dabbled a little in chemical investigations during Mrs. Wooler's life, and discovered, as he thought, something metallic in her fluid excretions, on the 14th of June and subsequent days; but, although he frequently tried, he never could find anything suspicious in the matters ejected from her stomach. In the fluid excretion obtained on the 22d or 23d of June, Dr. Christison found a very minute quantity of arsenic; but it is not much to be wondered at that he should have made that discovery, as the specimen sent to him consisted of nineteen ounces of fluid evaporated to three ounces, and treated with strong nitric acid, in which, if we may judge from a correlative circumstance which we shall presently refer to, in all human probability, the arsenic was contained. Previous to the magistrates' investigation, the three medical attendants, assisted by a Mr. Piper and Mr. Fothergill, to whom we shall have occasion again to refer, held a committee upon a portion of the liver which they had privately removed from Mrs. Wooler's body, and thought they discovered arsenic in it; and Mr. Richardson, a chemist of Newcastle, made an independent analysis of portions of the viscera, obtained in like manner, with a similar result. He applied the usual tests, apparently with care, and found about half-a-grain of arsenic, "expecting, after the evidence of the medical gentlemen, to have found more." The body was exhumed on the 4th of August, more than five weeks after death, and the remains of the viscera (including the liver, intestines, part of the lungs and the heart) were sent to London to Professor Taylor, who deposed that he closely examined the internal surface of the intestines, with the aid of a magnifying glass, and found no trace of arsenic in substance anywhere; but that, upon a chemical analysis of the liver, heart, lungs, intestines, and of the fluid found in the jar in which those parts were conveyed to him, he did detect altogether about a grain of the poison. This quantity Professor Taylor characterized, in his deposition before the magistrates, as exceedingly small; and, as the analysis was conducted in at least nine distinct processes, the product of each of which went to make up the estimated grain, he might well express that opinion. And

* Taylor, p. 512.

now we come to a very strange episode in this strange history. Mr. Wooler was in the habit of assisting in the administration of enemas to his wife during her illness. On the score of indelicacy the practice must unquestionably be condemned, but it was never concealed, and the servant was uniformly present and assisting. It was also proved that he never interfered in the composition of the medicaments used beyond occasionally dropping laudanum into them, openly, and from a bottle which used to lie on the wash-stand, or in the window of the lady's bed-chamber. There were three syringes employed in these operations, two belonging to Mr. Wooler, and one which he borrowed from Mr. Fothergill, a surgeon in Darlington, whose name we have already mentioned. This latter instrument was returned to Mr. Fothergill a short time after Mrs. Wooler's death, and that gentleman, having analyzed a flexible tube attached to it, deposed before the magistrates that he found it to be contaminated with arsenic. It turned out, however, that there was arsenic in the tests used in the making of this discovery; and it is remarkable that the latter fact was not made known to the magistrates until a fortnight had elapsed from the time Mr. Fothergill became aware of it, although an adjourned meeting in the matter of the investigation had been held in the interval. It is not less worthy of note, that it was the same manipulator, working, probably, with similarly impure tests, who detected the poison in the course of the investigations made by the three medical attendants in the case. The two other syringes remained unnoticed in the storeroom of Mr. Wooler's house, and, subsequently, in an open cupboard at the police-station, for some three months, until they got into Professor Taylor's hands on the 2d of October, when he found arsenic in one made of pewter, but could discover none in the other which was made of brass. The quantity of arsenic detected in this examination does not appear to have been stated.

The only inference warranted by these facts is, that the two grains of evidence upon which the prosecution was based, were the analyses of Mr. Richardson and Dr. Taylor. The symptoms, as we have shown, might have been indicative of natural disease; and, in fact, they were, for an entire month, supposed by Dr. Jackson to denote consumption and intestinal ulceration. When in their most marked form, between the 8th and 17th of June, they made a similar impression upon Dr. Haslewood, nor did they, even then, excite any different idea in his mind, until it was suggested to him to suspect. The morbid appearances were undeniably such as might accord with these

views of the natural character of the disease thus entertained by the medical attendants. The properties ascertained to exist in Mr. Fothergill's tests, with the well known fact that nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric acids are commonly impregnated with arsenic, render the analyses of that gentleman and of Dr. Christison altogether worthless. It was, in our mind, in the very highest degree improper to use them in any stage of those investigations, as the basis of an allegation of poisoning. Of the analyses made by Mr. Richardson and Dr. Taylor, we feel justified in speaking with much more respect. The former gentleman appeared to have been entirely free from any trace of the *detective* spirit which the pursuits of a professional medical jurist can scarcely fail to engender. Both the one and the other believed their tests and apparatus to have been perfectly pure, and they operated independently of each other, although both were, doubtless, to some degree, liable to be influenced by a foregone conclusion. The statements of the medical men immediately attendant had pronounced that Mrs. Wooler had been poisoned by arsenic, and the allegation had been confirmed by the loud voice of public indignation. Such causes are known to produce their effects, not merely upon the judgments, but even upon the senses, of wise and honest men; and we can conceive it possible that they might affect the perception of the odor of garlic, or the discrimination between the colors, "smoky black" and "hair brown," in connexion with a substance, the ninth part of a grain in weight. No one could have a shadow of doubt that Mr. Richardson and Professor Taylor gave honest evidence, to the best of their belief; but the public ought to know, and to reflect upon the fact, that it is upon such delicate operations of the senses as those we have instanced, that the belief of scientific men in the presence of minute quantities of arsenic in the structure of the tissues of the body is based. Mr. Richardson, for example, operated upon portions of viscera, containing, according to his results, half a grain of arsenic, and it may be instructive to many of our readers to know through how many changes and chances that particle of poison was past before it was recognized. Here is Mr. Richardson's own statement of his proceedings:

"I emptied all the contents into a porcelain dish, covered them with distilled water, added a portion of muriatic acid, and gently heated the whole on a sand bath. I then added chlorate of potash in small portions, and continued the operations until the whole contents were dissolved in the liquid, with the exception of a small quantity of fatty matter which floated on

the surface. I then allowed the liquid to cool, and passed sulphurous acid through the solution, and filtered the whole through a linen cloth. The liquid portion, after being heated, was treated with a current of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and the whole allowed to stand for a certain time. The liquid and the solid were separated by filtration, and, after gently drying, the contents were treated first with a little nitric acid, and then with oil of vitriol, and cautiously evaporated nearly to dryness, until the whole of the organic matter was charred. I then treated this solid mass with water, to which a drop of muriatic acid had been added, and this liquid I submitted to the following test: I poured a portion of it into a Marsh's apparatus. Having previously ascertained that the gas, which would evolve from the apparatus, contained no arsenic, I heated the glass tube through which the gas was passing by a spirit lamp, and obtained a metallic deposit. I did this to two or three glass tubes. I applied the flame of the gas, which had been ignited, at the end of the apparatus, to porcelain, so as to obtain a deposit on the face of the porcelain, termed mirrors. One of the glass tubes I gently heated, so as to allow a current of air to pass through the interior of the tube, when the metallic matter partly sublimed, and was converted into a white powder, which deposited on the upper surface of the glass; and the gas which issued at the end produced a strong odor of garlic. Another of the glass tubes I moistened with muriatic acid, and passed sulphuretted hydrogen into it, which converted the substance into a yellow-colored body. I then took some of the stains upon the mirror and subjected them to the vapor of phosphorus in the ordinary way. In the course of fifteen minutes or less these mirrors entirely disappeared, and the liquid left on the glass reacted acid. Another portion I treated with a solution of bleaching powder, which instantly discolored the mirror. I then treated another portion with nitric acid, which slowly discolored the mirrors; and with nitrate of silver I produced a yellow precipitate soluble with ammonia; and, from these reactions, I conclude the substance was arsenic."

The whole amount of the substance thus pulled about was, as we have stated, about half a grain.

It is no part of our design to criticise this series of processes, which was honestly detailed; nor to enter upon chemical disquisitions entirely unsuited to our pages. We merely wish to show our readers upon how many slight contingencies the result of such operations depends, and how very trifling a mistake might complete a chain of evidence, and bring an innocent man to the gallows. The facts of chemistry are themselves, too, in a state of continual change, so that truths which yesterday may have accomplished their deadly work upon an alleged criminal, may to-morrow be proclaimed as fallacies throughout the world of science. Just 104

years ago, this very month of February, Miss Blandy was hanged at Oxford for poisoning her father, upon the medical evidence of Dr. Addington, a most eminent physician of the day, whose testimony, had we space to quote it, would be found to be as elaborate as Mr. Richardson's, and was, no doubt, as satisfactory at that time; yet in Professor Taylor's latest work it is pronounced to have been "a series of chemical errors affording not the slightest evidence of the presence of arsenic."* Dr. Addington mixed up vitriol and potash, boiled and washed, saw precipitates, smelled garlic, and swore, no doubt with genuine honesty, that "he never saw any two things in nature more alike" than the powder found in Mr. Blandy's gruel and white arsenic, and Miss Blandy was hanged accordingly, the coexistent circumstances being thought sufficient to justify that extreme measure. Only the other day, Dr. Taylor muddled, and washed, and precipitated, and smelt garlic, and swore, with equal good faith as Dr. Addington, and Mr. Wooler would have been hanged accordingly had he ever had a quarrel with his wife, or a *petite liaison* with his house-maid, or had he been known, within the last half-year, to have bought a pennyworth of poison. Yet in Dr. Taylor's book we find it stated † that "we are perhaps hardly yet acquainted with all the fallacies to which *individual tests* are exposed — the extension of chemical science is daily adding to their number by bringing out an analogy of properties where it could not have been supposed to exist." What will be the fashionable mode of detecting arsenical poison in half a dozen years, when the doctor shall publish a new edition? — who can tell? It may be that, in the extension of chemical science, he will find it necessary to deal with his own evidence in the case of Wooler as Dr. Male dealt with that of the eminent men who aided and abetted the hanging of Captain Donnellan, at Warwick, in 1781, and to pronounce it "a melancholy and striking instance of the unhappy effects of popular prejudice, and the fatal consequences of medical ignorance." ‡ In the meanwhile, even though medical jurists should save their consciences by the plea (possibly very well grounded) that circumstances justified the execution of Blandy and Donnellan, we think it would be well for jurymen to know that the last-mentioned of those cases was not carried through without the interposition of a warning from the lips of the most distinguished medical philosopher Britain has ever produced. On the trial of Captain Donnellan for the murder of his brother-in-law, Sir

* Taylor on Poisons, p. 140.

† P. 141.

‡ Beck, p. 551.

Theodosius Boughton, by substituting laurel-water for a medical draught, John Hunter was examined for the defence, and being asked by the Court whether, from the symptoms that appeared upon Sir Theodosius Boughton, immediately after he took the draught, followed by his death so very soon after, he was of opinion that the draught was the occasion of his death, he answered: "If I knew the draught was poison, I should say, most probably, that the symptoms arose from that; but when I don't know that the draught was poison — when I consider that a number of other things might occasion his death — I cannot answer positively to it." If we are permitted to use the affirmative of the question at issue as the basis of an argument, we can prove anything, by the circular mode of reasoning; and it was precisely this fallacy, so tersely exposed by Hunter, which betrayed Drs. Christison and Taylor into stating, as certain facts, matters which they only knew as the composite result of a number of conjectures. They set out with a firm conviction that Mrs. Wooller's death was occasioned by arsenical poison, and they did not consider that a number of other things might have occasioned it. For even though we should grant the chemists' scent to be as keen as that of a truffle dog, and were we to admit, in the particular case we are considering, that they could have made no mistake in discriminating the sensible qualities of the minute products of their experiments, several hypotheses as to the mode in which the arsenic was introduced into the system must be examined and rejected before the conclusion of poisoning can be safely drawn. Thus we cannot close our minds to the recollection that men of our own day, as eminent in science as any now living, have entertained the idea that arsenic is a constant constituent of the human body. And without meaning to lay any stress upon this theory, surely there is a grave lesson taught in the fact that Dr. Taylor is not more sure to-day that he extracted a ninth part of a grain of arsenic from Mrs. Wooller's heart, than were Raspail and Orfila, some fifteen years ago, that they could elicit the same substance from tissues of any human corpse. When chemical science shall have taken another step forward — or backward — is it impossible that some operator may be able to do for Dr. Taylor what M. Flandin and he have done for Orfila? — show that he placed, in the year 1855, "too great confidence" in his testing process, and that "the effect mistaken for that of arsenic probably arose from the presence of phosphite or sulphite of ammonia," or anything else, the analogy of whose properties may happen then to be newly discov-

ered? Who can tell? Or who can tell that the learned doctor may not live to see a fallacy in his flippant rejection of another hypothesis suggested to him in his examination before the magistrates, as set forth in the following short dialogue:

"Mr. Rymer: I wish to ask if, by any possibility, the arsenic found could have been the result of any morbid action of the body?"

"Dr. Taylor: Certainly not."

"Mr. Rymer: I merely asked the question, because of a hint thrown out in a newspaper. It was said in the *Spectator* that men may become their own sugar producers?"

"Dr. Taylor: That is a mistake. I have to examine many bodies, and find no arsenic in them. I do not believe there can be any such thing as the production of arsenic from any change of the body."

Yet there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the doctor's philosophy; and it is most certain that men may be their own sugar producers, — a fact which, no doubt, Dr. Taylor did not mean to deny. A department of science in which new facts are continually added to the store, and old ones as continually shovelled out, is not a region of the impossible or improbable, neither is it, we should think, a field wherein it is safe to erect a gallows. We take no exception to the doom of the cook in the *Arabian Nights*, who was crucified for the proven offence of putting too much pepper in cream tarts; but it does seem to us somewhat hard to hang a man, or even to ruin him by a criminal prosecution, because the ninth part of a grain of matter may appear to the eye of a philosopher to be of a smoky black rather than a hair brown color; or, to his nose, to emit the odor of garlic during volatilization.

In the Great Burdon case, again, we have evidence that the deceased lady was dosed with a vast *farrago* of medicaments, among which were nitrate of silver, strychnia, extract of lettuce, sulphate of quinine, sulphate of copper, opium, nux vomica, henbane, acetate of lead, strong acetic acid, acetate of morphia, blue pill, iodide of potash, bismuth, nitromuriatic acid. We know also that in the stock of one medical practitioner in the neighborhood there was mineral acid impregnated with arsenic. May not one or more of those drugs we have enumerated have been similarly contaminated? The supposition is surely not of a violent character, yet, if correct, it would explain everything that happened without assuming that any one was morally guilty.

But there is yet another hypothesis of a weightier kind, and more widely significant, than any of those we have pointed to. We have already said that no man, in the

present state of knowledge, can tell how long arsenic may remain in the human body, inoperative, or, when it has been once introduced into the intimate structure of organs or tissues, what amount of time may be required for its elimination. Dr. Taylor stated in his evidence, that "when arsenic is in the body, it is deposited in some parts, and remains an indefinite period;" and, shortly afterwards, he assigned "about a fortnight," as his notion of the indefinite in time, during the lapse of which "the body throws off every trace." How does Dr. Taylor know? We confidently affirm that there is no ground in scientific knowledge for fixing any particular period at which arsenic, introduced into the structure of the body, will be naturally removed from it without leaving a trace behind. The doctor's first answer was correct; the period of elimination is indefinite, so far as is at present known. It may be a fortnight, or it may be twenty years. Dr. Taylor himself quotes experiments of M. Bonjean, of Chambéry, who detected arsenic in the fluid excretion of a patient, one month after he had taken, in minutely divided doses, three quarters of a grain of arseniate of soda.* There is nothing accurately known about the habit of arsenic in this respect; but it is well known that other metallic poisons may dwell in the organs and tissues of the human body for many years, and remain comparatively inert. Lead, mercury, gold, silver, may be thus absorbed and retained; and it is only within the last year that a novel application of galvanic electricity has been found effective in their extraction. Is there any of our readers who has not been acquainted with a paralytic house-painter? Many of them must have witnessed the shaking palsy of metal-gilders, or silverers of looking-glasses; and few need to be informed that these chronic maladies are occasioned by the absorption of the metals we have named, which are retained in the system after it has got over their first violent effects. They may endure for many years; but it was only the other day that M. Maurice Vergnès, of the Havana, accidentally discovered a means of curing them by the removal of their material cause. M. Vergnès, having occupied himself with galvanic gilding and silvering, had his hands in continual contact with solutions of nitrate and cyanuret of gold and silver. They were, in consequence, covered with ulcers, into which particles of the metals were introduced. One day, however, he chanced to plunge them into the electro-chemical bath, at the positive pole of the galvanic pile, and, to the great surprise of the beholders, a small

plate of metal, brought into contact with the negative pole, became covered with a thin coating of gold and silver, extracted from the hands of the operator, whence the most powerful remedies had not been able to eliminate them. This discovery was made on the 16th of April, 1852; and it was shortly afterwards applied by M. Poey, also of the Havana, to medical use, in the following manner:

"M. Poey takes an unfortunate patient, corroded by lead, mercury, gold, silver, or any other metal, and places him in a metallic bathing-tub, isolated from the ground. The man sits down, his legs horizontally stretched out on a wooden bench, isolated from the tub, which is filled with water up to his neck. The water is slightly acidulated, to increase its conductivity; and the acid varies according to the cases. This done, the negative pole of a pile is brought into contact with the sides of the bathing-tub, and the positive pole placed in the hands of the patient. The work of purification is now in full activity; the electrical current precipitates itself through the body of the sufferer, penetrates into the depth of his bones, pursues in all the tissues every particle of metal, seizes it, restores its primitive form, and, chasing it out of the organism, deposits it on the sides of the tub, where it becomes apparent to the naked eye."

Who will say that what is possible and of common occurrence in the case of gold, silver, mercury, lead, is impossible or improbable in the case of another metal? or who, recollecting that the foregoing history had not reached England this time last year, will argue that what is unknown is impossible? He would truly be a bold man who, being reminded of the facts we have alluded to, would say that the arsenic in Mrs. Wooler's body—if arsenic there was there—might not have been introduced into it, medicinally or accidentally, or in any other conceivable manner, one, two, or twenty years before her death. Nay, there is another item of speculation in the case. It is well known that the metal, mercury, may remain long inertly mischievous, in the human body, making no show in the excretions, undiscoverable, until hydriodate of potash being administered, that medicine (to use the expression we have quoted above) chases it out of the organism. It then becomes apparent, and can be detected as it is eliminated through the natural channels of the system. In the case of Mrs. Wooler we have seen that, among a vast variety of drugs administered by her medical attendants, iodide of potash was one. Can any man say that it might not have operated so

* Taylor on Poisons, p. 24.

* *La Presse*, quoted in *Medical Times and Gazette* for March 3, 1855.

as to liberate absorbed arsenic, and even to render it poisonously active in the course of its elimination? Surely these are considerations which ought to make any man pause before swearing away the life or character of a fellow sinner by the color of a stain on a quarter-inch of copper gauze!

The foregoing remarks are based chiefly upon the circumstances of one particular case, but they have a wide scope of application in the domain of that uncertain science, medical jurisprudence; and we venture to think they contain matter of grave concernment to all persons engaged in the administration of criminal justice, to the medical profession, and to the public. The ambition of what may be called skilled medical witnesses has grown rather rapidly of late: they are abandoning their position as indifferent auxiliaries of justice and advancing pretensions to direct and administer it. They demand to be treated differently from other witnesses — to be allowed to remain in court when those are excluded, and that for the express purpose of shaping their own testimony, amending, or sustaining it, in accordance with the evidence they may hear.* For their opinions, thus formed, and put forth *ex cathedra*, they expect, and but too often obtain, unqualified acceptance. Those were adopted in the Burdon case, without even a show of examination — with a simple, childlike faith; and in a case that has since occurred, but to which in its present stage we do not think it right to refer more particularly, the astonishing spectacle was seen in open court of practical medical men retracting their own sworn testimony, and accommodating it to the evidence of the scientific witness. In truth, the poison-doctors stand upon a coigne of vantage, from which, so long as they are united, they may defy the attacks of judge, jury, or counsel, who are commonly (almost necessarily) ignorant of the ever-changing jargon in which they pronounce their decrees. The mysteries of chemistry resemble those of religion; faith in them must be entire or void; while the hierophant of the modern science enjoys the advantage of the ancient priest, he can change at will the language of his oracle. Every day new names, sometimes conventional, sometimes expressing a new, often a false theory, are applied to common things, only to be altered upon the day that follows. Were Black, Kirwan, Davy, Dalton, to hear Dr. Taylor indectinating Baron Martin in the infallibilities of his science, a great part of his discourse would be delivered in a tongue unknown to these sages, so recently among us. It thus becomes absolutely im-

possible for the ordinary administrators of law to test a skilled medical witness, who becomes, in fact, himself a jury sole, whose verdict is the more fatal, inasmuch as, however he may be led astray by the fantasies of science, the instinct of the chase, or the influence of popular prejudice, he is commonly a man of unquestionable respectability, and often of considerable talents and learning. There is then but one chance for the bound victim — the chance of the martyr — his pursuers may turn upon one another. By the occurrence of such a schism, in which Dr. Taylor himself performed the part of arch-heretic, the convict Kirwan, but three years since, escaped the doom to which he was consigned by the unhesitating decisions of jury and judge upon moral and circumstantial evidence as convincing as ever was adduced in a criminal court. What is to be the limit of this power newly growing up in the state? Is any man or woman who has a spite against another, or in whose bosom a smattering of knowledge kindles an irregular desire for action, or who has simply a dis-tempered fancy — is such a one to be at liberty to rake up the ashes of the dead; and, with the ready help of a medical jurist, who can enter court with the recommendatory boast that he analyzes his hundreds of poisoned corpses yearly, place husband, wife, parent, child, servant, friend, on the defence of their lives, with the certainty that no defence can save them from the ruin of a blasted reputation?

These questions assume a grave interest from the indications before us that a medical detective force is growing up around the centre of medical criminal police that has rapidly acquired a solid establishment among our institutions. Are we to be forced to dread a spy in every house into which a medical practitioner shall enter? Is the fear of a charge of secret poisoning, more horrible than the fear of being secretly poisoned, to be infused into the tenderest relations of life? Is the spectre of a doctor in the witness-box to interpose in all the small charities of society and of the family — frightening the husband from the sick-room of his wife, forbidding the mother to administer a spoonful of drink to her dying child, daunting the servant in the performance of necessary offices for a helpless master? Assuredly we do not pretend to be able to answer in the name of the public; but we do know that to the results to which we point, such triumphs as those of Drs. Christison and Taylor at Burdon directly, and not slowly, tend. If there be a mania for the commission of crime, there is also a mania for the suspicion of it; and both affections are strikingly epidemic in their nature. It is not unlikely that we

* See Observations upon Mr. Watson's Evidence in Case of *Elizabeth Johnson*. Taylor, pp. 367, 382.

shall soon have many cases of secret poisoning and many more of the discovery of it. Well, but what is to be done? Much, we think, is in the power of the courts of criminal law; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the public safety requires that they should exercise their authority to repress the ambitious designs of the medical jurists. They should strictly apply to their case the ordinary rules of evidence, oblige them to adhere to a detail of facts, avoiding speculations, and promptly check every attempt to mingle extraneous matter with the medical or scientific data from which they draw conclusions. For the reasons they themselves assign for being always suffered to remain in court, we conceive they should never be permitted to hear the evidence of other witnesses. The most extreme displeasure of the court should, we think, be visited upon any officious interference by medical men to get up a prosecution. Every possible discountenance should be given by the law officers of the Crown to the institution of proceedings upon medical evidence alone, unsupported by direct proof or suspicious circumstances. Were matters brought back to their old state by these precautions, justice would yet be able to avail herself of the steady light of science to guide her on her course: the change would put out many a will-o'-the-wisp that can only lead her into swamps and pitfalls.

And now with regard to the masses of the medical profession, we have a word or two to say, and we shall say it partly in the language of a public writer, whose disinterestedness and moderation of temper will not be questioned:

"With regard to the medical men in this case (says the *Spectator**), speaking of them collectively—for there were distinctions in their behavior—they appear to have committed the mistake of confounding the proper object of their vigilance. * * It usually happens that men make mistakes when they travel beyond their province. The medical men had nothing to do with *Mr. Wooler*: the whole object of their regard ought to have been the disease and rescue of *Mrs. Wooler*. If they had stuck to that question, their course would have been quite clear. * * It is evident that one course must have been quite successful: if the medical men had constituted themselves a committee *en permanence*,

had administered the medicaments themselves, and themselves alone, any further tampering with the dying woman would have been absolutely impossible. * * * The condition of *Mrs. Wooler* was one which at all events demanded a modest but an eager and peremptory investigation; not for the purpose of deciding questions of guilt or innocence, but for the purpose of finding out how the arsenic got where it was, and how its further administration could be prevented. Guilt or innocence might have been discovered by inquiry, but the first duty of the medical men was to do that work for its own sake."

We can add nothing to this plain and ample definition of the duties of a medical practitioner: it includes so far the whole substance of medical morals. A medical practitioner volunteering his services in aid of the criminal police, is in as false a position as a soldier-surgeon would be who should give the *coup de grace* to a wounded enemy with his amputating-knife. Out of this difficulty any individual right-thinking medical man can keep himself; but there is another Serbonian bog of suspicion, temptation, and (reflecting upon the common weakness of our nature, may we not even fear) guilt, in which too many medical practitioners are swamped, hampered, and from which they cannot extricate themselves without legislative intervention. If there be any lesson taught more plainly than another by the *Burdon* case, it is that the prescriber, and the compounder and vender, of drugs should be distinct persons, and that one should be a check upon the proceedings of the other. The physician should never administer medicines: the apothecary should never prescribe them. So long as the two arts are confounded and practised by the same hand, occasion is given for error, for negligence, for imputations founded or unfounded, and, we must say it, for the commission of crime. For the present, time and space forbid us to do more than barely to touch upon this subject, and to suggest its relation with certain engrossing topics of the day. It is nevertheless worthy the most deliberate consideration of the public and the legislature; and if, as we sincerely hope, it may be forced upon their attention by recent events, some good will have been effected by THE DOCTOR IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

* January 12, 1856.

From Chambers' Journal.

A CAT-NURSE FOR YOUNG FOXES.

WHILST in Canada, some years since, I happened to be at the digging out of an old fox; and as a curiosity to show the people at the house, I brought away with me a pair of the young ones, of which there happened to be no less than seven. As they appeared to be no more than a day or two old, for they could not see, and as they were in size not much larger than kittens, some one proposed to put them beside the cat, and see whether she would not rear them. The suggestion, from its very novelty, was at once adopted. At first, puss seemed to be quite reconciled to them; but upon going afterwards to see how they were getting on, the foxes were indeed in the box, but the cat and kittens had disappeared. Having found out puss' retreat, she and her kittens were again carried back, and put along with the foxes; after feeding her well, and patting and clapping her, she was again left alone; and never afterwards, until the foxes were pretty large, did she deny them the attentions of a mother. When put to the test, by a fox and a kitten being taken out and laid upon the floor, puss, whenever she heard the mewing of her kitten, was at once on the spot, and catching up the nearest — no matter whether fox or kitten — carried it away, and then returned for the second. Afterwards, although the cry of the fox was different from that of the kitten, being a kind of petulant whining, yet, whenever she heard it, she paid as much attention to the one as to the other, was as soon on the spot, and as restless until allowed to carry it off to her box.

At first it was feared that the foxes, accustomed to teats of larger dimensions, might fail to find out those of the cat, which were hardly discernible amongst the fur, and so perish after all. As it was, they did not appear to discover them until about the second or third day; but after that — and here is a point for naturalists — the teats gradually grew to be as large as those of a dog, returning, however, afterward to their natural size.

In course of time, puss began to bring in mice, squirrels, and such like; and here I may mention, that as *she* soon learned to comprehend the distressed cry of the helpless foxes, so *they* now as truly comprehended her particular cry when she brought in such game; for no sooner was she heard, than off scampered both kittens and foxes, as though each fully comprehended the fact that the first there was sure to get the prize. Here the nature of the two kinds of animals was distinctly exemplified. The kittens delighted in fun, and liked to make the most of a mouse when they got it; but often, when they came trotting back with one in their

mouths, they used to be met by one of the foxes, which, in the twinkling of an eye, would snap it from them, and devour it on the spot; the foxes, at the same time, taking pretty good care that the kittens should never have an opportunity of treating them in a like manner, as everything they got was invariably despatched upon the spot. When, however, they did get enough, the surplus was carefully concealed in some quiet corner, over which they kept a watchful eye.

Hitherto, they had been allowed to run about uncontrolled; but the female having killed a young gosling, they were forthwith confined in a pen, the sides of which were about two feet high. Although they had now outgrown the kittens considerably, puss still acknowledged them; and regularly, day after day, calling her kittens after her, she and they leaped into the pen, where she suckled the whole four. In the cool of the evening, the kittens also would invariably be found in the pen, playing with the foxes, where the agility of the former was finely contrasted with the clumsy antics of the latter. This state of innocent happiness was, however, suddenly brought to a close. Early one morning, the foxes had scraped a hole underneath their pen, and so got free. The first thing, therefore, that met the eye upon going out, was the female fox trotting past the door with a young turkey thrown over her back. Chase being given, she dropped it in a corner beside other four which she had killed, and then took refuge under a pile of boards. After this, they were not only put back into their pen, but chained, which effectually prevented them from doing further mischief.

About this time, puss began to suspect, apparently, that she had been played upon, as her conduct towards the foxes, now about as big as herself, began to change. True, she still brought in mice, and gave them as freely to the cubs as to the kittens; but whenever they began to poke their noses about her, she would salute them with a cuff on the side of the head, which made them shake their ears, and keep at a more respectful distance. This, however, they took in good part, and always seemed to consider it as a challenge to play, as they immediately began to caper round about her; and while the one attracted her attention in front, the other would come creeping round the corners behind, and try to get up to her in that way. However, puss was always as knowing as they, and soon placed herself in a position commanding a view of both, ready to salute the ears of the first that should approach.

[The writer of these anecdotes, who gives his name, assures us of their verity. — Ed.]

WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

WENSLEY-LE-DALE hath no staff on his ermine,
Wensley-le-dale hath no feuds to determine,
Wensley-le-dale is wise, weighty, and winning,
Yet Wensley-le-dale 'gainst the Peerage is sin-
ning—

Take a title for life — not to go to heirs male?
The Lords won't stand that, my bold Wensley-
le-dale.

The Baron of Bareacres pockets his pride,
Begg, borrows, and sponges, and shirks, far and
wide,

He trades on his title, and discounts his name,
His conduct is wild, and his speeches are tame;
Yet peers, strictest park'd in propriety's pale,
Like Bareacres better than Wensley-le-dale.

For Wensley-le-dale not a Law-Lord will fight,
Though his pleas were so sharp and his judg-
ments so bright:

To Wensley-le-dale, as ex-judge, yet not Lord,
Neither woollack nor peer's bench a seat will af-
ford;

Like Mahomet's coffin, till Cranworth prevail,
In a sort of Lords' Limbo hangs Wensley-le-dale.

Wensley-le-dale with his summons is come.

"Who are you?" ask'd their Lordships, ob-
structive and glum;

"Though the Queen 'gainst the peers don't like
setting her will,

There is," quoth bold Parke, "a Prerogative
still;

So 't is no use to meet me with Ferguson's tale
Of 'You cannot lodge here,'" said Wensley-le-
dale.

Lord Lyndhurst was steel, and Lord Campbell
was stone,

They scoff'd at his patent and bade him begone;
An appeal to the Lords as 'tis idle to try,
Give their Privilege Committee and them the
go-by;

We want peers to judge causes, but not their
heirs male,

And the Country will stand by bold Wensley-le-
dale. — Punch.

"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES."

THERE once was an admiral — Byng was his
name —

At Minorca, 't was said, on our flag he brought
shame.

Those who studied the facts said it was n't his
fault,

That the Government grudged him the means
of assault;

But the party in power Byng's party was not,
So Admiral Byng was condemn'd to be shot.

And this view of the case Voltaire's *bon-mot* ex-
press't,

That the Admiral died "To encourage the rest."

Simpsons; Cardigans, Lucans, and Aireys, and
all,

On whose backs our Crimean discredit must
fall, —

Bless your stars, you have fallen on days when
the *Times*,

Not Court-martials and Commons, judge you
and your crimes.

You're tried and found guilty, but certainly
not

Condemn'd ("to encourage the rest") to be
shot;

With promotion rewarded, and orders and stars,
You show brows without blushes, and breasts
without scars.

An incapable Airey, whose apathy cost
Many thousands their lives from mud, fever,
and frost,

Of England appears Quartermaster-in-Chief,
The same post that abroad in he came to such
grief.

A Lucan, o'er heel-ball and pipe-clay supreme;
A Cardigan, too, of Park heroes the cream, —

Whose blundering, display'd on the grandest of
scales,

Reduced their troop-horses to gnaw their own
tails —

One a crack hussar regiment as Colonel neglects,
Which the other, as General Inspector, in-
spects!

English Officers — mark — 'tis a lesson for you:
Do nothing yourselves, and what's well done
undo:

Be as sluggish, short-sighted, conceited, and
dull,

As mighty in muddle, as monstrous in mull,
As inapt at the learning of all you should learn,

As devoid of wise forethought and generous con-
cern;

Public wrath and contempt as they've stemm'd
you will stem,

And will reach, in the long run, to honor like
them.

We are soft now-a-days as our fathers were hard;
"To encourage the rest" — where they shot, we
reward. — Punch.

LAVATER'S WARNING.

Trust him little who doth raise
To the same height both great and small,
And sets the sacred crown of praise,
Smiling, on the head of all.

Trust him less who looks around
To censure all with scornful eyes,
And in everything has found
Something that he dare despise.

But for one who stands apart,
Stirr'd by nought that can befall,
With a cold indifferent heart,
Trust him least and last of all.

— Household Words.

From the Family Herald.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THREE or four generations of men are always living together in the world, looking thereat and judging thereof, and coming to such opposite conclusions respecting all that they see and hear, that the world may be said to be so many different worlds to the different generations that are forever observing it.

To childhood the world is all a wonder. And Pa' and Ma' its omnipotent rulers. The child believes that Pa' can do everything, and procure everything, and with great reluctance at last divests itself of the beautiful illusion. It is an awful discovery, even to a child, when the truth first glances on its brooding mind that Pa' is not omnipotent. The first peep into the wilderness of life; the first feeling of helpless isolation; but, at the same time, the first feeling of self-reliance and the necessity for personal activity.

A new illusion, however, instantly supplies the place of the first. The self-reliance becomes preposterous; not, perhaps, in respect to its present, but its future capabilities. What wonders it will do when it is a man, or a woman! There is no position too high for it to attain or deserve; no conquest too great for it to make. Hope whispers flattering tales to youth, fairy tales such as youth delights to read, and through the atmosphere of which it looks at the world, but more especially into the vista of futurity and the arena of destiny.

One illusion vanishes after another. Life seems nothing else than a tour through the illusory world, where the traveller communes with phantoms as he passes along, listens to their vain imaginings, attempts to realize the golden dreams which they engender or encourage, fails and sighs, but still goes on listening to other phantoms and revelling in other dreams, which grow fainter and fainter as life advances, but never for a moment cease to occupy the mind. Our centennarian correspondent, Nancy Nettleop, still loves as she did when a girl of sixteen, still lives in day-dreams, and makes herself the heroine of chivalrous and romantic adventures in the world within. It must have been Nancy Nettleop, or some such elderly dame, whom the Duke of Wellington dined with one day, when he asked her grand-daughter at what age a lady ceased to think of love and mar-

riage. The young lady referred him to her mother, the mother referred him to her mother, and the old lady, when personally interrogated by his grace, replied in French, "*Il faut que vous demandiez d'une dame plus agée que moi.*" "You must put that question to a lady who is older than I am." We suppose it is the same with old bachelors. Wave after wave of illusion follows in everlasting succession, till Death closes the scene, or introduces the dreamer into a sphere of richer imagination.

Imagination is the true life, after all. The dulllest amongst us lives more in the ideal than in the real world.

Yes, even the greatest worldling of middle age, the most worldly, and perhaps the most real of all the ages, is only a dreamer. He realizes fortunes in imagination, buys and sells in fancy, calculates contingencies and probabilities, lives in hope of something happening to somebody, and in preparation for this something ideal he does something real which costs both time and money. Sometimes he is right and makes a hit, and sometimes he is wrong. But when he fails in one dream, he betakes himself to another. Indeed, he often carries on a score of dreams together, and lives in futurity even when walking the streets, when satisfying his hunger or his thirst, smoking his pipe, endorsing a bill, or transacting any of the ordinary affairs of life. How much more ideal the youngster who has no business to transact! He lives in futurity, having no past, and the present having always something wanting which passion is longing for.

Age, however, has a past, and therefore delights in reminiscences. It clothes the past with a romance of futurity. It makes a fairy land of the scenery of youthful life, and fairy spirits of the companions of childhood and youth. It reverses the order of Nature with the clearness of its juvenile recollections. It forgets the events of yesterday, but remembers the times fourscore years ago with the accuracy of a recent impression. Yesterday seems to be farther off than last century; and yesterday is gloomy, disconsolate, and heartless; but last century is full of life and gayety, even more so to old fancy than it was to young reality. But old fancy delights to paint the past in brilliant colors; it is its heart's favorite, and it bestows upon it all its fondness. Everything was beauti-

ful in its young days. Poverty was then almost unknown—only a few paupers, that's all; but nothing like the mountains of misery and the lakes of tears that make such Highland scenery of these real times. No wonder it goes back and wanders amongst the green meadows, or goes a nutting in the under-woods, or a fishing in the brooks of young days. It is a golden age, and the heart delights to live in a golden age, be it past or future. Age has seen one, and regrets it, but it does not cease to hope for one also. No; hope clings to the soul forever, and clings to beautify it. The finest thoughts that we possess have their origin in the suggestions of this gay deceiver, who does not altogether belie her own promises, nor even "keep them to the ear when she breaks them to the sense," but, like the old man who told his sons that there was a treasure hid in his fields, which they dug for diligently, and reaped a most abundant harvest, which was better than gold; so Hope, the gay deceiver, that sets men a dreaming about Utopian pleasures, never fails to realize some other good that they did not labor for, and thus cultivates both the imaginative and the real world by one mysterious act of ingenious imposition.

How rarely youth can anticipate the character of age, or foresee even the outlines of its own history! How reluctant, also, it is to believe that it will descend from the poetry of hope to the prose of reality! The pride of youth both vows and threatens what it can never fulfil. It vows to love as never heart loved before, and to bring up children as they were never before brought up. Wonders it will do when it comes of age, and undertakes the office which generations have successively undertaken, and failed to fulfil in the Arcadian style. It will also not mend stockings nor old clothes, nor do any such unromantic things that a refined imagination so very justly abhors. It means to realize all its beauties whenever it begins to rear its bachelor's children and maiden's bairns. But the poetry goes out as the honeymoon wanes, and the prose deliberately comes in, like a broker's man, and occupies its place—illusions vanish and spells break one after another, like panes of glass in a hail-storm. We then begin to calculate the damage, and come to matter-of-fact—reason without rhyme.

Did you ever see a donkey stand on the

top of a ladder? Then just imagine it walking down. That is life. But the donkey must go up as well as come down. What do you make of its going up! O! that is only the dream—the day-dream of the fancy. We are all mounting the ladder occasionally, in expectation of seeing some promised land, or reaping some imaginary reward—and ever ready we all are to mount so soon as the stimulant is applied—"Only fourpence more, ladies and gentlemen, and up goes the donkey."

Companions of early life! how destiny scatters you at last, and makes the friends of youth the strangers of age! What a trifling matter will terminate forever a friendship which seems to be eternal! Geographical distance—difference of rank and fortune—difference of profession in mature life—dissolve in empty air the vain protestations of inexperience. One of you makes a pursuit of wealth and finds it; he gradually consorts with richer people, and begins to talk big like them—now he keeps a horse—now a tandem and a tiger—now a carriage and a footman—and step by step, as he mounts up, the others lose sight of him as his elevation increases. Intimacy diminishes—excuses are made on the one hand, and accepted formally with increasing suspicions on the other, till at last the inequality of the acquaintanceship becomes its dissolution, and scarcely even the nod of recognition is given or accepted. Even in small towns this will take place, much more so in large cities, where the alienation advances to perfect estrangement.

Distance produces a similar result; but in this case the estrangement is not so complete as when the parties live together in the same locality. Friends that are merely separated by distance are happy to see one another when one visits the place of the other's residence, and old acquaintanceship is often revived by such pleasant reunions. But no such revivals as this take place amongst friends who are separated by rank and fortune. These are wider gulfs than even the wide Atlantic or Pacific, and form impassable intervals between the companions of youth and childhood.

How melancholy to think that vanity—for it is nothing else—has so much influence over the human heart as to destroy loves, and friendships, and the sweet communions of life which age delights to reflect on, when it

has even discarded the alliance of the heroes and heroines of its romance! "They live still, but they are not now as they were then. Then they were young, and trained, and experienced like myself. Now I have mixed in very different society, been educated to other tastes, and formed to other judgments of men and things. We have grown up different beings entirely — travelled through life in opposite directions — cherished opinions directly the reverse of each other, and tastes that are incapable even of mutual understanding. I bear them no malice. I should even delight to see them raised to an equality with myself; but inequalities cannot blend in this world. Oil can sooner mix with water, than one rank and degree of wealth in society can coalesce with another. They must part, and keep apart, to fulfil their respective destinies." Such is the conclusion and the self-justification, and we cannot blame it. An omnipotent law of our nature seems to have ordained it. We sometimes hear of great men raised from obscurity preserving the humble friendships of early life, and bestowing little favors on the friends and associates of their youth; but these are facts to be talked about, and to be made the subjects of newspaper paragraphs; and, moreover, it is only a favor conferred; the companionship is gone, the frank and free communion of soul is no more, and never can survive the destruction of that equality which was the sap that nourished it in the spring-time of life.

How little even friendship is to be depended upon when equality ceases! The romantic friendships of olden times, therefore, preserved this equality; and were there any romantic friendship in modern times, it would still do the same. But are there any friends now so romantically attached that they would share their fortunes with one another? Any two young ladies so sincerely devoted to one another that if one were suddenly raised to wealth and rank she would still make her constant companion and bosom friend of the other? The ladies must forgive us for shaking our heads at this question, for, with all pretensions to heart which they consider themselves entitled to make to the prejudice of the other sex, we believe there are as many instances of permanent attachment amongst the *un-fair* sex as amongst the fair. Indeed, the friendships of ladies are very brittle, for

after months and even years of most romantic fondness for one another, they suddenly quarrel and revile each other, and then hate with as much intensity as they formerly loved. Love and Friendship revolve on their axis like the earth, and show one side light and the other dark, like the two-faced planet on which we live. Friends who have enjoyed the brilliancy of the one have not unfrequently a specimen of the other also — the positive and the negative pole.

Do we become any wiser or better as we grow older? We become a little sharper, like the old sparrows, and we have more accurate knowledge of the world and its ways. But that knowledge often lowers the tone of our moral feelings, destroys the earnestness of our convictions, and makes all those principles hang loosely and indifferently about us which have not immediate reference to practical matters. This is the unavoidable result of our employment, not of age itself. For men who have no employment are apt to become even more imaginative in age than they were in youth, and to give themselves up to all sorts of extravagancies in the gratification of taste for art, and fantastic notions of every description. But even in these hobbies there is still apparent the materialism of age in large proportion mixed up with its idealism. The poet of youth becomes the historical romancer of manhood, and the roamer and twilight meditator of early life becomes the botanist and horticulturist in life's decline. Age takes hold of matter at last for support, as the old man takes hold of his staff, and for this natural reason, perhaps, materialism prevails in the old age of society, when the strength of governments fails in proportion as their pretensions to wisdom increase.

Some men evidently improve with age. They look better; and this is always a good sign. We do not mean that they look more healthy, or more beautiful, as beauty is vulgarly understood; but they look more dignified, calm, pleasant, self-possessed, and noble. This is always a good moral indication in man and woman; it shows something like self-government and cultivation of the heart and the head. The passions always show themselves in the face, and become more and more apparent as age advances. Bad passions will make any man or woman ugly before or soon after the meridian of life. An habitual state

of passional irritation and gloom will make even a young and pretty face look old and ugly before its time. An habitual indulgence of sensual passions, however private, will diminish the natural nobility of the human countenance. Avarice will work a nose and a mouth and a pair of eyes at last into a meanness of expression which is ineffaceable by any other agent than that of the virtue that contrasts with the vice. Improvement in looks, therefore, is a good moral symptom; and we never see a venerable, noble, pleasant old gentleman or lady without feeling convinced that we see a person who has exercised a considerable amount of moral courage in fulfilling the various duties of life, at the same time possessed of a good moral temperament for the accomplishment of the task, assisted, perhaps, by Fortune, who smoothed the way. Fortune will give dignity, because it gives repose; and it is as much to this freedom from

care and anxiety that the aristocracy owe their noble mien as to any other superiority. Those who have struggled with the thorns of life show the marks in their looks. There are few even in the House of Lords that have a noble appearance.

Life, when properly spent, ought to be a progressive course of improvement; and that improvement ought to be perceptible in the person, the mind, and the manners. There is no real decline. The wisdom and experience of maturity naturally succeed to the gayety and frivolity of youth; the repose and tranquillity of old age succeed to the bustling activity of the age that preceded it. But it is not a descent; it is rather an ascent into that state of rest and peace where the storm of human passions ceases to rage, and where the haven of rest is in sight, in which the trumpet of war is heard no more.

CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.—Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson delivered a lecture on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, on Feb. 11, at the Clapham Athenæum. A graphic sketch of some of the more prominent incidents connected with the recent researches in the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigris, was followed by a lucid description of the method by which the cuneiform writing had been deciphered, and the ancient languages of the great nations of the East laid open for our study and investigation. The accuracy of the accepted system for determining as well the phonetic power as the signification of the cuneiform groups, was strongly insisted on by the lecturer: and he spoke of the sure certainty with which we might anticipate a familiar acquaintance with the vast and varied stores of the royal library of Assyria, now transferred to the safe keeping of our own national Museum. The complete identity also between these Assyrian records and the sacred narrative of the Scriptures was pointed out, and the value of this corroborative evidence acknowledged. So perfectly are even the minuter details which occur in the inspired pages sustained by these wonderful voices from the remote depths of antiquity, that certain Jewish students of the cuneiform writings have taken alarm at such overwhelming corroboration for the *Christian Bible*; and they have expressed doubts as to the correctness of the rendering of the cuneiform symbols. Sir Henry Rawlinson peremptorily disposed of such disingenuous cavils, and, repeating his conviction

that the cuneiform writing was correctly read, he gave several examples of unquestionable truthfulness in the reading of these long silent but now most eloquent legends.—*Literary Gazette.*

COMMERCIAL LITERATURE OF FRANCE.—One of the most curious things in France at the present moment, is the multiplicity of newspapers and periodicals which are devoted to commercial enterprise. There are five or six papers published in Paris every week, which treat of nothing but commercial matters; about twice as many specially occupied with stock exchange operations and speculations; three or four which deal exclusively with the corn markets; the same number which confine themselves to railways; two or three which take mines under their special protection; and others which discuss all that concerns insurance companies, shipping companies, gas companies, building companies, omnibus companies, and companies of all kinds and degrees. As all these journals have readers and subscribers, and as some of them even are of great importance, and are conducted with great talent, we see clearly that the present bent of the French people is most decidedly towards trade and speculation, and especially the latter; and this bent explains, on the one hand, their profound indifference to the war against Russia, and their desire to have peace on any terms, and, on the other, the drooping condition of their literature for some years past.

From The Athenæum.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE—BOSSUET.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. III. Bentley.

ONE of the minor attractions of the "Characters" by M. de Lamartine lies in their variety and strong contrasts. The concluding volume of the series opens with a dramatic portraiture of William Tell, which is followed by a most elaborate and magnificently wrought picture of Madame de Sévigné. As if somewhat fatigued by the labor devoted to perfecting this portrait, M. de Lamartine gives of Milton only a graceful outlinesketch, which is by no means too flattering in its counterfeit presentment. This is succeeded by "Antar," an illustration of pictorial civilization in Arabia,—the period being described as "the century before Mahomet." The volume closes with Bossuet,—a full-length portrait, with no lack of accessories, bespeaking admiration for the great literary artist rather than reverence or esteem for the Eagle of Meaux.

The Lady and the Bishop occupy nearly half of the volume; and on these two "Characters" the author has lavished all his power. His Swiss patriot will be admired none the less for the severity with which the Swiss people are judged; his Milton will be read here with some curiosity and much dissent; and his Antar will prove seductive to those who love glowing and imaginative pictures from the East. Good as these are in their several ways, all readers of this volume will unite with us in confessing that its great and abiding charm is in the Lady who never really loved anything but her daughter, and the Bishop who seems to have loved heaven less than he did his church.

The Tell of M. de Lamartine is the romantic Tell of tradition and of history in one. As there are some who doubt if Joan of Arc was ever executed, so there are others who hesitate to believe the story of the arrow sent by Tell through the apple on his boy's head. The author accepts the story in a poetical sense, and draws upon Schiller for the details. "Two distinct symbols stand erect by the cradles of the two modern liberties of the world, to personify their opposite natures. On the one hand Tell, with his arrow and the apple; on the other Washington, with his sword and the law." We have the peasant-hero for peasant-patriots,—for a proud and aspiring people a martial deliverer.

Milton is censured by M. de Lamartine as a politician, because of his defence of regicide; "but if his pen," he adds, "was sometimes cruel, his character as a citizen was never base." We are thankful for so

much charity! As a poet, the French author thus disposes of Milton: "The *Paradise Lost* lives, and deserves immortality for certain passages. But, as ages roll on, Milton will decline and Shakspeare advance, because the former imitated while the latter created. A single scene of *Romeo and Juliet* reveals more soul and draws more tears than the whole of *Paradise Lost*." M. de Lamartine calls Milton the "Belisarius of poets"; but Belisarius was not blind, and the statue of Augustus seated, with extended hand, propitiating Nemesis, is very unsatisfactory proof of the great soldier's poverty.

The story of Antar, the shepherd, warrior, and bard, is known to English readers by Mr. Terrik Hamilton's translation from Asmai, in four volumes. In a few pages, M. de Lamartine brilliantly describes all that we care to know of a romantic hero whose "noble compositions," often rising to an equality with Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, in many of its essential components, is recited to this day under the tents of the wandering tribes in the deserts of Damascus, Aleppo, and Bagdad." The French author's version of the story is as gorgeous, bustling, and impossible as a ballet at the *Académie Impériale*; but we will leave this theatrical portion of the volume to enter the boudoir of Madame de Sévigné, and the study of the plebeian "*Bos suetus aratro*."

The skilful artist, in his manner of representing the Lady, reminds us of Lawrence. He has heightened the graces and concealed the defects. "Let us glide quickly over these stains" is his own remark, when he finds he has under his hand a woman of abounding sentiment and very little heart. This opinion of our own with regard to the character of Madame de Sévigné will seem heresy to her worshippers. They would have infinite trouble, however, to prove that she had more heart than sentiment, or as much wisdom as knowledge. Considering her wit, it is astonishing that, with all the world before her where to choose, she selected for her husband a handsome libertine with an empty head—a man who cared for any woman but his wife, who left her to be wooed or seduced by any gallant who dared to make the attempt, and who lost his own life in a duel for the sake of a worthless woman, commonly known as "Lolo." One of the most touching incidents of Madame de Sévigné's life was her visit, as a widow, to this woman, in order to obtain from her the portrait, the lock of hair, and other love relics of her husband, that she might have in her own holier keeping the tender memorials of a man whom she had herself loved, but whom she had soon ceased to respect. This incident justifies Middleton for what has

been called an unnatural scene in his comedy of "Blurt, Master Constable," written many years previously, and in which Violetta visits the courtesan Imperia, and demands of that "star of Venetian beauty" not, indeed, the memorials of a faithless husband, but the very body of the traitor. "By your leave, sweet beauty, pardon my excuse which sought entrance into this house. Good sweetness, have you not a property here improper to your house?"

The general reader will, perhaps, be astonished to hear that Madame de Sévigné was a coarse woman—coarse even in her letters to her daughter, to whom she wrote touching her son's amours with Ninon de l'Enclos, who had been the mistress of that son's father. It is, however, very well known that her letters were not fit for publication as they were originally written. The early editors had to erase indelicate passages, blot out gross phrases, and omit some letters altogether. The writer was famous for her repartees, and contemporaries tell us that they were anything but savory. Her stories, too, were of the very broadest. The Minister Walpole never listened to broader from, or told broader to, Queen Caroline. At the very moment that the French Euphuists were dealing in dainty phrases and leading unclean lives, Madame de Sévigné, then a young lady, lived an irreproachable life, but loved gossip of a very contrary quality. It is either one of her editors or Bussy himself who expresses a belief that she talked coarsely while she lived chastely, in order to reprove the prudes who blushed at ill names more than they did at ill deeds!

These truths may be borne in mind while we do full justice to the lady for her good qualities. She could not mix in the society of her day without being contaminated; but we may be grateful to the learned and judicious admirers who have edited her letters, and taken care that they should not contaminate future readers. As we now have them, they are the glory of the writer and the delight of the reader. They are as sublime as Bossuet when treating of death,—earnest as Pascal when discussing the dread Hereafter,—comic as Molière when describing salient points in contemporary character,—and gracefully farcical as Scribe when painting the peccadilloes of domestics, and recounting the dismissal of a footman who was above turning hay.

M. de Lamartine tells us that "no other woman was ever so completely a mother." She was too much so towards her daughter, and too little so, too cold, in her affection towards her son. She had no entire heart for anything human or divine but for her daughter. Arnauld d'Audilly plainly per-

ceived this all absorbing child-worship, when he solemnly called the mother a "pretty pagan." To secure for this child a brilliant position, she flung her into the brilliant vortex of Versailles, where the marriageable young lady danced in ballets with the most licentious of kings, received homage from Beuserrade, and failed to find duke or peer willing to marry her. At length a gentleman of inferior quality was met with, and M. de Grignon espoused the cold Cartesian. "He has," writes Madame de Sévigné, "fortune, rank, office, esteem, and consideration in society. *What more should we require?*" But the mere worldly woman is still more clearly seen in more detestable allusions made to the widower about to become the husband of her child. "His former wives have died in order to leave a place for my daughter; and destiny, in a moment of unusual kindness, has also taken away his father and his son. So we make no hesitating terms, and we feel ourselves much indebted to the two families who have passed away before us." Even M. de Lamartine calls this "almost heartless," and her joy at the deaths named above as "almost beyond decency of expression." Had his censure been lighter by a word, it would have been, as it ought to have been, all the heavier.

There was, however, something at once grand and touching in the unselfishness of her love for her daughter. She sacrificed her own life to save that of her adored child. M. de Lamartine thinks that in the perfect story of this unparalleled love, "mothers may learn to love as much, while daughters may be taught to love still more." He and other commentators on this "passion" have failed to see that the mother loved unwisely,—made all the sacrifices, instead of being the object of sacrifices made by her child; and, as will ever be the case under similar circumstances, found less love on one side for the very reason that there was too much on the other.

The contemporaries of this love were very right when they called it "passion." Out of it, there was no true, womanly heart in the brilliant French lady. Without being very religious herself, she could enjoy the idea of a massacre of heretics; and could even jest at the inhuman slaughter of peasants, men, women, and children, who had done nothing worse than pelt the governor of their province. M. Sainte-Beuve says of her, indeed, that her kindness was equal to her grace. Here is an illustration of her womanly kindness. She had been speaking of cold-blooded massacre in the streets, and she adds: "The mutineers of Rennes fled long ago; the good must suffer for the ill-conducted; but I find it all perfectly right.

Sixty citizens have been captured, and the hanging-matches will begin to-morrow. This province affords a fine example to all others, particularly in inducing them to respect their governors and governesses, not to insult them nor sling stones into their gardens. . . . You talk very pleasantly about our miseries. We are no longer the *roués* we were," says this delicate lady, punning on the "wheel" of the executioner: "We have one once a week, merely to keep justice going; and the change to hanging appears to me now something positively refreshing." Delicate creature! Age or sex, what was it to her? The sufferers were only peasants. But let a gentleman turn criminal, and see how heartily she will struggle to save him from the galleys! An aristocrat is not, in her phrase, "the stuff for a galley-slave." The poor peasants of Brittany, men and women, lads and maidens, for their death-struggles she had no sympathy; but when that most stupendous of swindlers, the wealthy Foquet (her zeal for whose rescue was, as M. de Lamartine delicately puts it, "beyond the desire of justice") was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for his enormous crimes, she flings up her hands, casts loose her hair, beats her breast, and wildly calls the King's justice an "unrelenting and despicable vengeance!"

These are some of the "stains" over which the accomplished author thinks it as well to glide. He is more diffuse when treating of Madame de Sévigné's religious character. She "involuntarily followed" the orthodox Catholicism of Versailles, while she was in private a Jansenist, — saw no difference between the duties of youth and age than that when old "we must seek to gain by our good qualities all that we lose in external attraction," — and mixed up beautifully-expressed convictions of the omnipotence of God with jokes on court news and comic reflections on concubines. She was as impulsive and changeable as her father, — who jumped up from the sacramental altar on Easter Sunday, and ran off to second a friend in a duel.

Bossuet is, perhaps, the ablest, certainly the grandest of the portraits contained in the entire series. M. de Lamartine paints him at one stroke, by describing him as essentially, emphatically, and exclusively "Priest." The plebeian boy, who passed all competitors at school, and who held preferment as soon as he entered his teens, began his career by preaching a sermon in a French drawing-room, with all the wits, *roués*, and *précieuses* of a fashionable circle to listen to him. This was the first step in a career of almost uninterrupted success; and the author can account for everything save Bossuet's love for Horace. But Luther as ardently loved Plau-

tus. It is hardly worth while inquiring why Bossuet was forever reading the one as Luther the other. The Abbe Gaume, who execrates all classical lore, stoutly condemns both authors and admirers.

The great Agitator of the Church, as he was subsequently called, had a more singular taste than the one for Horace; and the austere young priest resorted nightly to the theatre, to learn how to carry his drapery and modulate his elocution. He made amends for this weakness by writing vigorously against the stage! He himself went to the play with a good end in view, — like that other holy man, described by Madame de Sévigné, who cheated at cards for the benefit of his favorite charity. Bossuet was scarcely nicer on the question of gaining converts. As long as he could present groups of them to the King, he troubled himself very little as to their quality. M. de Lamartine justly remarks, that "Bossuet was never forgetful of the Court when speaking of Heaven." It was for this reason, perhaps, that he compared Anne of Austria with the Virgin Mary, — with an impious allusion to the son of the former! He was occasionally as illogical as he was impious, and never more so than in the sermon wherein he affected to show that Charles the First lost his head because Henry the Eighth had rebelled against the Head of the Church.

But his own King and his own Church hardly knew whether to hail Bossuet as friend or foe. He obligingly negotiated the disposal of cast-off royal mistresses, but was inconveniently urgent in pressing upon the King to abolish the beautiful troublers altogether. He upheld the royal authority against the Pope, — claimed liberty, even in matters of faith, for the Gallican Church, — played one against the other, and would fain have had both, Church and King, beneath himself. He was, in his way, as much of a reformer as Abelard had been, but he was not so tolerant. He allowed King and people to differ on his side against the Pope; but he would not sanction liberty of conscience when it no longer favored his own views. He is not the only great man who has exhibited this weakness. Luther, Calvin, and Wesley were like him in their several ways. Bossuet was the grand tribune of the sovereign and Church of France against the spiritual power of the Pope; and he expected the Archbishopric of Paris for a reward. But then he was high priest against that same sovereign and Church as regarded liberty of conscience. The King would not make him Archbishop. He gave the office successively to more noble and less worthy men, with the aristocratic *de* before their names. Bossuet will be longer remembered, particularly in con-

nection with his humbler Bishopric of Meaux. Even now the De Harlay and De Noailles, who usurped his place in the archiepiscopal palace in Paris, are forgotten. The Eagle of Meaux would fain, however, there have built his eyrie, — for he loved splendor, was not averse to generous living, liked society, and was a little addicted to falling into debt. He pushed what the author justly styles the "impious principle" of maintaining that the religion of the subject must necessarily conform to that of the sovereign, to such a fatal extent that he at last exultingly delivered to death, in varied forms, the unhappy people who dared to think otherwise and to act in accordance with their thoughts. He carried out in France what Davaux not much later, and a modern writer more recently, in a celebrated letter, recommended for the pacification of Ireland, — the suppression of dissent from Rome by the slaughter of the dissentients. Here again M. de Lamartine, as when he "glides over the stains" in the character of Madame de Sévigné, hastens, as he says, to throw a veil over the awful features of Bossuet. But the truth still remains, that Bossuet sanctioned the torture and slaughter of his fellow-countrymen for no worse offence than daring to differ with him in religious opinions. The author confesses that the priest was swollen with pride, and believed himself to be the Avenger of God. But he who could not feel for the physical sufferings of others dreaded them for himself; and he who expressed such concern for his flock recommended, as his successor, one whom he knew to be unworthy. Here is a saddening picture of a great man — who had great defects as well as qualities — in his last moments:

"The dread of an operation, which it became necessary for him to submit to, prevailed over the firmness of the philosopher and the virtue of the Christian: a fever of terror seized him, his voice became inaudible, his pen fell from his hand — he could not himself write the note which summoned his confessor to prepare his soul for the doubtful result of this dangerous operation: he faltered at the idea of the torture to which art was about to submit him under the vague chance of recovery. His robust health and continual good fortune had ill-prepared him for this punishment. He compassionated his own body, — he, who had felt too little pity for the tears and tortures endured by so many proscribed Protestants: he wept not at the thought of death, but he shed tears at the anticipation of physical pain.

His nephew, the Abbé Bossuet, profited by this weakness to induce him to solicit the King to bestow upon him the reversion of the bishopric of Meaux, an inheritance which would thus be assigned to an unworthy heir. Madame de Maintenon and the Cardinal de Noailles, who had no wish to comply with this blameable nepotism in Bossuet, or to sadden his last days by a denial, advised the King to defer the favor, and neither to grant or refuse it to this illustrious suppliant. Bossuet, during an interval of his malady, dragged himself to the court to solicit the King personally on his nephew's behalf. Louis XIV. received him as his spiritual father, but told him that the hour had not come for the disposal of his benefices. Fatigue and fever detained him several days at Versailles; and he there received the sacraments of the Church, and dictated his will. The enormous amount of debt which he had contracted by his negligence of domestic affairs and his prodigality, threw him into consternation. A mortal, but slow languor, succeeded to this increase of his disease; advantage was taken of this to convey him back to Paris. His sleep during the night was broken by deep sighs and delirious wanderings; he was heard to lament and resign himself in a loud voice. During the day he constantly directed the Gospels to be read to him, as the promises of which he had need to fortify himself against the dread of death. 'I frequently read, at his request, the same Gospel five or six times over,' says the friend who watched beside his couch. A train, perpetually renewed, of courtiers, friends, and ecclesiastics besieged his door. They felt that the resplendent glory of the age was about to be extinguished, and were desirous of gathering the last beams. The closing hours of great men present a spectacle which the world loves to witness and remember. Bossuet regained his serenity and hope of prolonged existence. 'I can perceive plainly,' said he, 'that God has determined to preserve me.'"

He was mistaken; his hour soon arrived, and he encountered it with dignity. He left a name which is pronounced affectionately or with intense dislike, even execration, according to the parties under which they who speak of him are enrolled. The Gallican churchmen hail him as their glory; the Ultramontanists depreciate even his qualities, which were incontestable; and the French Protestants, denying none of his merits, denounce him as the sanguinary oppressor of their church. In such "Character" M. de Lamartine had many difficulties: but, altogether, it may be said to be the most masterly of the many which constitute a remarkable series.

From The Athenæum.

Papers in relation to the Case of Silas Deane.
Philadelphia.

THIS, we believe, is the first work issued by a Society, lately established, called "The Seventy-Six Society,"—the object of which is the publication and re-publication of papers and books relating to the American Revolution. The volume is confined to a subject incidentally touched on a short time since in this journal, and of some historical interest—the conduct of the American Commissioners in 1777 and 1778—of Silas Deane, Arthur Lee, and Dr. Franklin. We shall confine our inquiry within still narrower limits—to the question whether either of them, or their secretaries, did traitorously convey information to the British Government. The volume contains Deane's Statement, Lee's Statement, and the documentary evidence referred to, all, as we understand, now for the first time published from the original manuscripts, obtained from the family of Henry Laurens, then President of Congress.

Deane and Lee here appear as antagonists,—each seems to admit, or to assume, that secret information had been conveyed to the British Government, and each, by implication, if not directly, accuses the other of betrayal.

There is but one direct fact put in evidence by Deane against Lee. Mr. Fox, he says, declared in the House of Commons that the Treaties were executed, and named the day, which caused many speculations and suspicions.

"M. Petry, a gentleman of character, indeed, showed me a letter from his friend in London, in which he sent him an *extract of a letter he had received from Mr. Lee*, dated the 6th of February, the day the treaty was signed, to him in London, informing him generally of the event which had taken place. I mention this, as some pains have been taken to represent as if this intelligence was given by Dr. Franklin or myself."

This was clear and circumstantial; just the sort of evidence which an honest man could grapple with,—but, unfortunately, all the circumstantialities were confined to the *private* statement given to the President, while Lee was still in Paris,—the published statement is wanting in them all. Even in the "Address to the United States," which Deane published when in London, in 1784, he was still more vague; for he therein simply stated that it had been agreed on that the signing of the treaty should be first made known in America, but that *circumstances* induced the Court of France to announce it to the Court of London.

Lee, of course, knew only the statement published at the time, which he quotes in these words:

"Mr. Deane says, 'A gentleman of character in Paris told him that his correspondent in England saw a letter written by me, dated the night of signing the treaty, and giving an account of its being signed.'"

This statement, it will be observed, differs in essentials from that delivered privately to the President; and Lee could only reply, that it was false, and call for proof, which he did, and never, we believe, received an answer.

These are circumstances which throw a light on the subject; but they are, unfortunately, not to be found in the volume before us, for the "Seventy-Six Society" is lamentably in want of an editor.

The "Mr. Petry" mentioned as Deane's authority, was Mr. Petrie, a man of some celebrity at the time, who in 1775 entered Cricklade, supported by John Wilkes, then Lord Mayor of London, and Mr. Canning, the uncle and early friend of George Canning, to contest that borough,—which he did unsuccessfully. This Cricklade election gave rise to a petition, to numberless actions, some duels, and a ponderous volume, well known to parliamentary agents, and, eventually, to the extension of the franchise to the freeholders of the hundred. Mr. Petrie appears to have taken an active part in this quarrel, and against Lee. We know from a letter to Wilkes, that, in the autumn of 1779, when the conduct of the parties was under consideration of Congress, Mr. Petrie resolved to publish on the subject, and transmitted a statement to Wilkes, expressly for publication. Wilkes, however, was not satisfied with it,—it wanted precisely what Deane's *published* statement wanted,—proofs: "The public," said Wilkes, "will immediately call for the letters of Mr. Arthur Lee and of Mr. Lee's friend, *which are not in your collection.*" Now, had Deane's *private* statement been true, Mr. Petrie had such evidence in his collection; for, according to that statement, Lee's correspondent and Petrie's correspondent were one and the same, and the very person who had sent Petrie the "extract" from Lee's letter. Mr. Petrie, we suppose, felt the force of this objection, for he did not publish. No letter, or extract from a letter, written by Lee to any one on the subject was ever produced,—the name of the correspondent was never given,—and under these circumstances not a shadow of suspicion ought to attach to the conduct of Mr. Arthur Lee.

On the other hand, and against Thornton, Lee's secretary, the evidence given by Lee

himself, coupled with the letters of George the Third, is, we think, conclusive that he did betray State secrets and other important information: whether directly and traitorously is another question. Lee states, or leads the reader to infer, that he was in no way personally responsible for Thornton's conduct; that Thornton had been employed by the Commissioners before he was even known to Lee; had been sent with a letter from Franklin to the English Minister, complaining of the hardships suffered by the American prisoners, and with a request that he, Thornton, might be allowed to visit the prisons and give relief to the prisoners. In that letter, as quoted by Lee, Thornton is described as "to us much a stranger, but who appears a man of humanity." It was on Thornton's return that he was first employed by Lee as his secretary; and having shown himself an active and intrepid person, he was subsequently, and more than once, sent confidentially to London by Lee, to obtain information, — a perilous duty which he appears to have executed to the satisfaction of his employer.

"Before Mr. Thornton went the last time [says Lee] there were whispers that he had been concerned in stock-jobbing. I taxed him with it; and he satisfied me, by a letter from Mr. Wharton, that, though strongly solicited, he would not hold a correspondence with him. These whispers grew stronger in his absence, which made me caution him against giving any foundation for them. At length, a formal accusation was given in against him to Dr. Franklin by Dr. Bancroft, in behalf of Mr. Wharton. It confessed that the former [query, the latter — Wharton?] had gained upon his information; that he had given Thornton a promissory note for £500, payable on a declaration of war in such a time, and charging him with having taken copies clandestinely of material papers. It appears from Mr. Livingston's letter to me, that the material paper cited by them in evidence of this was furnished from Passy, and probably with a view of giving color to this accusation. But Mr. Jonathan Loring Austin, who acted then as our secretary, having assured me that he saw the promissory note in Mr. Thornton's possession, and he not coming when I called him to answer the accusation, I took another secretary, the Rev. Mr. Ford, and have not heard of Mr. Thornton since."

Under these and other circumstances mentioned, there can be no doubt, we think, that Thornton did betray the secrets of the Commission for stock-jobbing purposes; but there is no conclusive evidence that he did so traitorously; and even the fact that the information he gave, and probably the very letters he wrote, were sent to the British Government and read by the King, does not prove it, for they may have been so transmitted, unknown to him.

A question, however, arises, whether the facts stated by Lee can be altogether relied on. Mr. Temple Franklin, in the *Life* of his grandfather, refers incidentally to a *Memoir* published in 1797, and after stating, in contradiction, that Deane was not recalled, and Bancroft was not dismissed for "gambling in the English funds," goes on to say:

"Equally groundless is the account in the same volume of Dr. Franklin's having sent Mr. Thornton to London to negotiate an exchange of prisoners with Lord North. The person who assumed that name was not, as is pretended, 'an American gentleman,' nor was he ever employed by Dr. Franklin for any purpose whatever."

Here is a mystery we cannot explain. It is certain that in the official letter to Lord North, dated Passy, December 12, 1777, there is no such passage as that quoted by Lee. The Commissioners say:

"We also desire that a person appointed by us may have permission to furnish the citizens of the United States, who are in your prisons, with the necessaries they may want from time to time."

It is probable, however, that Franklin, by consent of the other Commissioners, may have introduced Mr. Thornton to Lord North; and may have requested that he should be the person permitted to visit the prisoners. Lee, as one of the Commissioners, spoke to facts within his own knowledge; whereas Mr. Temple Franklin was, at the time, a young man, acting only as private secretary to his grandfather. A competent editor would have cleared up these little mysteries, and told us who was the party so tenderly alluded to, whose name was *not* Thornton, and who was *not* "an American gentleman."

As for Bancroft, we think the evidence, so as the King's letters go, is in his favor — is reasonable proof that he did not betray his employers to the British Government. The "accounts from Bancroft," to which the King refers, appear, from the context, to have been gathered from him in conversation by Wentworth; and these accounts were of such a nature as to "convince" the King that "Bancroft is certainly an American, and that every word he has used on the late occasion is to deceive." But that Bancroft did transmit the most confidential information to a broker in London to induce him to speculate, and to instruct him how to act with confidence, is specifically charged against him by Lee, not on vague rumors, or reports of a something said by an unknown correspondent in an unseen letter to an unknown "gentleman of character," but on the following declaration of Capt. Livingston, at that time a Commander in the American navy:

"Paris, 11th April, 1778.

"I do certify that I was shown a letter in London, dated the 27th of January last, which I was told was written by Dr. Bancroft to Mr. Wharton, informing him that he might depend upon it, he had it from the very best authority, that the treaty with the Court of France was to be signed the 5th or 6th of February, and desiring him to make his speculations accordingly, in the above words, or words to that effect. I do also certify that I have seen Dr. Bancroft's handwriting on other occasions, and that I believe the above-mentioned letter to have been written by him.

(Signed) M. LIVINGSTON.

"Witness, GEO. DIGGES."

The "best authority" here alluded to, says Lee, must have been Deane — Bancroft was Deane's secretary — and Lee assumes that the information was given for Deane's benefit, or their joint benefit, and proceeds to show that Deane not only gambled on the Stock Exchange, but used the Government money for that purpose, — producing, in evidence, accounts, the value of which as evidence we cannot determine. It is, however, but just to the memory of Deane to state that he from the first claimed a large balance as due to him from Congress, and that so late as 1835, nearly fifty years after his death, his claims were allowed to his heirs.

Here the question seems to end so far as Bancroft is concerned; and assuming the facts charged to be proved, Bancroft might plead that, as secretary, he acted under instructions. As against Deane, however, there is the extraordinary letter of the King, so conclusive, if Silas Deane be the party referred to, that it is worth reproducing:

"8th March, 1781.

"Mr. Deane shd so far be trusted as to have £2,000 in goods for America. His bringing any of the Provinces to offer to return to their allegiance wd be much better than a joint application through the Congress."

There was, we believe, from the first among his countrymen a strong opinion against Deane, and it has known no ebb. It tends to strengthen suspicion that Deane, though an American born, a member of the first Congress, and, as we have seen, deeply trusted and confidentially employed, returned to Europe, and lived and died here. His private letters, too, intercepted in 1781 and published, were written more in the temper and spirit of an agent of the British Government than of an American citizen: — he therein told his correspondent that "there is no probability of our being able finally to establish our independency" — this in 1781! — and "that if it were established, it would prove rather a curse than a blessing to us"! Unhappily, in these criminations and re-criminations, a shadow was cast on the name

and fame of one far greater than either Deane, or Lee, or the secretaries — for Franklin himself was hinted at as the party who betrayed the secret of the Treaty with France, and that on authority which at first appears to be conclusive. This statement the gentlemen of the "Seventy-Six" have allowed to go forth without note or comment! —

"It is impossible [says Lee] that Mr. Deane should be ignorant of what was the common talk and surprise of the time, that Mr. Fox expressly declared that his information came from Dr. Franklin. The following are his words as detailed at large in the *Courier de l'Europe*, Mardi, Fevrier 24, 1778:

"Chambre de Communs, Séance de Mardi, 17 Fevrier.

"J'ai vu une lettre du Docteur Franklin dans laquelle ce Commissaire de l'Amérique dit expressément à son correspondant à Londres, il y a dix jours que les députés du Congress ont signé avec le ministère François un traité de Commerce, dans lequel toutes les formalités qui s'observent de nation à nation contractantes ont été solennellement observées."

Lee, personally accused of treachery, may be forgiven for having referred to this "common talk," the more so as Franklin, at that time, avowedly upheld Deane; but it is strange, if the report were true and Lee eager to seek out the truth, that in the twelve months which had elapsed — his narrative is dated the 10th of February, 1779 — he should have obtained no better, no confirmatory evidence. So far as appears, the statement was first published in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, and was, we have little doubt, there inserted for some mischievous purpose. There is no proof that Franklin wrote any such letter, although he might have done so with the best intentions; but there is good negative evidence to show that Mr. Fox made no such statement. Lord Camden, indeed, on the 16th of February, referred to letters received from Franklin, and what he said might honestly have been misinterpreted or misunderstood.

"He had [he said] within a few days seen the extract of a letter from Dr. Franklin, * * in which he said that a proposition tending to peace would have been accepted by America at the period alluded to; but that it was then too late. He understood that this was further authenticated by accounts received, which he feared were too true, that America had entered into an alliance with France; and that any prospects of peace or reconciliation was entirely vanished."

Camden, be it observed, does not say that the "further" authentication came from Franklin; on the contrary, the natural inference is that it did not.

The specific charge, however, in the *Cour-*

rier is, that Mr. Fox said so in the House of Commons on the 17th. Now neither in the reports of the debate in the Parliamentary History nor in the Annual Register is there any mention of Franklin in Mr. Fox's speech; nor can we find him named in any of the reports in the contemporary newspapers. The signing of the treaty is indeed referred to by Mr. Fox "on no contemptible authority,"—it is again, and emphatically, asserted by Mr. Grenville on "undoubted authority;" but neither party named or hinted at Franklin as the authority. To this weight of negative evidence we may add something positive. Mr. Petrie, in the manuscript transmitted to Wilkes, had no doubt referred to this statement in the *Courier*, for Wilkes observes, in reply:

"It is a mistake that Mr. Fox mentioned any letter from Dr. Franklin, as the evidence of the treaty being signed. He barely asserted the fact as uncontrovertible."

Wilkes, no doubt, spoke from personal knowledge, having, as an M. P., been present at the debate.

Such a *mis*-statement as the above, glaring hurtfully as it does at the character of one whose memory ought to be dear to Americans,—as it is dear to Englishmen, proud of their illustrious cousin,—should not have been allowed to go forth without a word of warning from the member of the "Seventy-Six" to the uninformed, whether these reside in Europe or in America. Franklin's fair fame is precious to us all.

THE CASE OF THE HON. MISS MURRAY.—Several statements have appeared in our contemporaries in reference to the Hon. Miss Murray and her American work, in which some misapprehensions appear to prevail regarding the position of that lady in the Royal Household. The facts are these: Miss Murray had been, up to about a year since, maid of honor (not lady in waiting) to the Queen. She filled that office since the period of her Majesty's accession for about 18 years, and therefore, without being very ungallant, we may say was not in that bloom of youth which one is wont to associate with the title of maid of honor. Miss Murray had, in fact, reached a period of service beyond what is customary. Her Majesty, however, with that delicate consideration which she so eminently possesses, made Miss Murray an extra maid of honor, which was equivalent to permission to retire upon full salary. Since her appointment as extra maid of honor, Miss Murray has done no duty at Court, and she doubtless would have no difficulty in obtaining unlimited leave of absence from the Lord Chamberlain. Her position is therefore merely nominal, and, whatever opinion Her Majesty may have respecting Miss Murray's pro-slavery predilections, it has not been evinced in any way to affect that lady's material interests. — *Court Journal*.

may be proposed between those who consider that the capacity of legislation has to be acquired, and those who deem it hereditary. As the son of a doctor is not recognized as a born physician, so neither let the son of a peer be, simply as such, accepted as a born lawmaker.

But, on the other hand, as in the medical profession, the seventh son of a seventh son is popularly esteemed a naturally qualified practitioner, so, not the eldest son, but the seventh son of the seventh son of a peer, might be entitled, on the mere ground of birth, to a seat in the House of Lords; and if this plan were adopted, the hereditary element in that august assembly would, without being abolished, be reduced to that proportion in which it would operate most advantageously for the national welfare. — *Punch*.

CROCODILES IN CEYLON.—Few reptiles are more disgusting in appearance than these brutes; but, nevertheless, their utility counterbalances their bad qualities, as they cleanse the water from all impurities. So numerous are they, that their heads may be seen in fives and tens together, floating at the top of the water like rough corks; and at about five p. m. they bask on the shore, close to the margin of the water, ready to scuttle in on the shortest notice. They are then particularly on the alert, and it is a most difficult thing to stalk them, so as to get near enough to make a certain shot. This is not bad amusement, when no other sport can be had. Around the margin of a lake, in a large plain far in the distance, may be seen a distinct line upon the short grass like the fallen trunk of a tree. As there are no trees at hand, this must necessarily be a crocodile. Seldom can the best hand at stalking then get within eighty yards of him, before he lifts his scaly head, and, listening for a second, plunges off the bank. — *Baker's Eight Years' Wanderings*.

BORN PHYSICIANS OF THE STATE.—The creation of Mr. Justice Parke a peer for the term of his natural life will, it is expected, give rise to much discussion in the Upper House. It will be considered in the light of an attack on the principle of hereditary legislation, regarded by many hereditary legislators, and their tailors, and other dependents, as one of the bulwarks of the British constitution. By other noblemen it will be considered as a step towards rendering the Peerage a natural nobility. A compromise

CHAPTER IX.

So the bells rung merrily at Dangerfield, and the rustics huzzaed for their landlord, and the comely village maidens envied the bride; and Lucy was Lady Horsingham now, with new duties, and a high position, and a large, fine, gloomy house, and jewels in her hair, and an aching heart in her bosom. Nevertheless, she determined to do her duty as a wife, and every hour of the day she resolved *not* to think of Cousin Edward.

Years elapsed, and pretty Lucy became a gentle, handsome woman — kindly courteous, and beloved by all, timid and shrinking only with Sir Hugh. Her husband, wearied and discontented, mixed himself fiercely in all the intrigues of the day — became a staunch partisan of the House of Stuart, and sought for excitement abroad in proportion as he missed congeniality of feeling at home. It was an unhappy household. Their one child was the mother's sole consolation; she scarcely ever let it out of her presence. They were a pretty sight, that loving couple, as they basked, in the sun of a fine summer's morning, on the terrace in front of the manor-house. The boy with his mother's blue eyes and his own golden curls, and the arch, merry smile that he never got from stern Sir Hugh; and the fair, graceful woman, with her low white brow, and her soft brown hair, and her quiet gestures and gentle, sorrowing face — that face that haunts poor Cousin Edward still.

"Mamma!" says the urchin, pouting his rosy lips, "why don't you play with me? — what are you thinking of?" and a shade passes over that kind face, and she blushes, though there is no one with her but the child, and catches him up and smothers him in kisses, and says, "You, my darling"; but, nevertheless, I do not think at that moment she was thinking either of her boy or Sir Hugh.

And where was Cousin Edward all the time? Why, at that particular instant sword-point to sword-point with Colonel Bludyer of the Dragoons, slightly wounded in two places — cool and wary, and seeming to enjoy, with a sort of fierce pleasure, such a safety-valve for excitement as a duel with one of the best fencers in Europe.

Cousin Edward was an altered man since he stood with the future Lady Horsingham in the moonlight. "An evil counsellor is despair"; and he had bugged that grim adviser to his heart. He had grown handsomer, indeed, than ever; but the wild eye, the haggard brow, and the deep lines about his mouth, spoke of days spent in fierce excitement — nights passed in reckless dissipation. He had never forgotten Lucy through it all; but even her image only goaded him

to fresh extravagances — anything to deaden the sting of remembrance — anything to efface the maddening past. So Cousin Edward, too, became a Jacobite; and was there a daring scheme to be executed, a foolhardy exploit to be performed, life and limb to be risked without a question, who so ready and so reckless as "handsome Ned Meredith?"

In the course of their secret meetings and cabals, he became slightly acquainted with Sir Hugh Horsingham; and with the inexplicable infatuation peculiar to a man in love, he took a pleasure in even being near one so closely connected with Lucy, although that one was the very person who had deprived him of all he valued on earth. So it fell out that Sir Hugh Horsingham and Ned Meredith were supping at the Rose and Thistle, in close alliance, the table adjoining them being occupied by those staunch Hanoverians, Colonel Bludyer and Mr. Thornton.

"Here 's 'the Blackbird,'"* said Cousin Edward, tossing off a huge goblet of Bordeaux, and looking round the room with an air of defiance as he proposed so well known a toast. Sir Hugh was a man of a certain grim humor, and, as he drained his goblet and nodded to his companion; he added, "May the rats dance to his whistle, and the devil — that's *you*, Ned — take the hindmost!"

Colonel Bludyer rose from his chair, placed his cocked-hat on his head, and turned the buckle of his sword-belt in front. "The King!" he shouted, raising his hat with one hand, and filling a bumper with the other. "The King!" he repeated, scowling fiercely at his two neighbors.

"Over the water!" roared Ned Meredith; and the Colonel, turning rapidly round, and mistaking his man, flung his cocked-hat right in Sir Hugh Horsingham's face. Swords were out in a second — thrust, parry, and return passed like lightning, but the bystanders separated the combatants; and Meredith, determining for the sake of Lucy that Sir Hugh should encounter no unnecessary danger, took the whole quarrel on himself, and arranged a meeting for the following morning with the redoubtable Colonel Bludyer. Thus it was that while Lucy and her boy were basking in the summer sunshine, Cousin Edward was exhausting all his knowledge of swordsmanship in vain endeavors to get within that iron colonel's guard. The duel was fought on the ground now occupied by Leicester-square, Sir Hugh and Mr. Thornton officiating as seconds — though the latter, being disabled from the effects of a recent encounter, they did not, as was usual in those days, fight to the death, merely "*pour se désennuyer*." Stripped to

* One of the many pass-words by which the adherents of the Chevalier distinguished that ill-fated Prince.

their shirts—in breeches and silk stockings, with no shoes—the antagonists lunged, and glared, and panted, and twice paused for breath by mutual consent, with no further damage than two slight wounds in Ned's sword-arm.

"Very pretty practice," said Mr. Thornton, coolly taking a pinch of snuff, and offering his box to Sir Hugh; "I'm in despair at not being able to oblige you this fine morning."

"Some other time," replied Sir Hugh, with a grim smile; "D—ation," he added, "Ned's down."

Sure enough, Cousin Edward was on the grass, striving in vain to raise himself, and gasping out that he "wasn't the least hurt." He had got it just between the ribs, and was trying to stanch the blood with a delicate laced handkerchief, in a corner of which, had he examined it closely, Sir Hugh would have found embroidered the well-known name of "Lucy." Poor Cousin Edward! it was all he had belonging to his lost love, and he would have been unwilling to die without that fragment of lace in his hand.

"A very promising fencer," remarked Colonel Bludyer, as he wiped his rapier on the grass. "If he ever gets over it, he won't forget that '*plongéant*' thrust in tierce. I never knew it fail, Thornton—never, with a man under thirty." So the Colonel put his coat on, and drove off to breakfast; whilst Sir Hugh took charge of Ned Meredith, and as soon as he was recovered—for his wound was not mortal—carried him down with him to get thoroughly well at Dangerfield Hall.

It is an old, old story. Love outraged and set at defiance, bides his time, and takes his revenge. Dangerfield looked like a different place now, so thought Lucy; and her spirits rose, and the color came back to her cheek, and she even summoned courage to speak without hesitating to Sir Hugh. When Cousin Edward was strong enough to limp about the house, it seemed that glimpses of sunshine brightened those dark oak rooms, and ere he was able to take the air, once more leaning on Lucy's arm, alas! alas! he had become even dearer to the impassioned, thoughtful woman, than he ever was to the timid, vacillating girl. There was an addition now to the dinner party on the terrace in the bright autumn mornings, but the little boy needed no longer to ask mamma "What she was thinking of?" and the three would have seemed to a careless observer a happy family party—husband, wife, and child. O! that it could but have been so.

In the mean time, Sir Hugh was again as usual busied with his State intrigues and

party politics, and absented himself for weeks together from the Hall; riding post to London night and day, returning at all sorts of unexpected hours, leaving again at a moment's notice, and otherwise comporting himself in his usual mysterious, reserved manner. Yet those who knew him best opined there was something wrong about Sir Hugh. He was restless and preoccupied; his temper less easily excited about trifles than was his wont, but perfectly ungovernable when once he gave way to it. No man dared to question him. He had not a friend in the world who would have ventured to offer him a word of advice or consolation, but it was evident to his servants and his intimates that Sir Hugh was ill at ease. Who can tell the struggles that rent that strong proud heart? Who could see beneath that cold surface, and read the intense feelings of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge that smouldered below, stifled and kept down by the iron will, the stubborn indomitable pride? There is a deep meaning in the legend of that Spartan boy who suffered the stolen fox to gnaw his very vitals, the while he covered him with his tunic, and preserved on his brave face a calm smile of unconcern. Most of us have a stolen fox somewhere; but the weak nature writhes and moans, and is delivered from its torment, while the bold unflinching spirit preserves a gallant bearing before the world, and scorns to be relieved from the fangs that are draining its very life away.

Whatever Sir Hugh saw or suspected, he said not a word to Lucy, nor was it until surmise had become certainty that he forbade "Cousin Edward" the house. To him he would not condescend to explain his motives; he simply wrote to him to say that on his return he should expect to find his guest had departed, and that he had sufficient reasons for requesting his visits might not be repeated. With his wife he was if possible more austere and morose than ever, so once more the hall resumed its old aspect of cheerlessness and desolation, and its mistress went moping about more than ever, miserable and broken-hearted. Such a state of things could not long go on: the visits forbidden openly, took place by stealth, and the climax rapidly approached which was to result in the celebrated Dangerfield tragedy.

At this period there was set on foot another of those determined plots which, during the first two reigns of the House of Hanover, so constantly harassed that dynasty. Sir Hugh, of course, was a prime mover of the conspiracy, and was much in London and elsewhere, gathering intelligence, raising funds, and making converts to his opinions. Ned Meredith, having, it

is to be presumed, all his energies occupied in his own private intrigues, had somewhat withdrawn of late from the Jacobite party; and Sir Hugh heard, with his grim unmoved smile, many a jest and innuendo levelled at the absentee.

One stormy winter's day the baronet, well armed, cloaked, and booted, left his own house for the metropolis, accompanied by one trusty servant. He was bearing papers of importance, and was hurrying on to lay them with the greatest despatch before his fellow conspirators. As the evening was drawing on, Sir Hugh's horse shied away from a wild figure, looming like some spectre in the fading light, and ere he had forced the animal back into the path, his bridle was caught by a half-naked lad, whom the rider at once recognized as an emissary he had often before employed to be the bearer of secret intelligence, and who, under an affectation of being half-witted, concealed much shrewdness of observation, and unimpeachable fidelity to the cause.

"Whip and spur, Sir Hugh—whip and spur," said the lad, who seemed flustered and confused with drink—"you may burst your best horse betwixt here and London, and all to get there before you're wanted. A dollar to drink, Sir Hugh, like Handsome Ned gave me this morning—a dollar to drink, and I'll save you a journey for the sake of the 'Bonny White Rose' and the 'Bird with the Yellow Bill.'"

Sir Hugh scrutinized the lad with a piercing eye, flung him a crown from his purse, and bid him "out with what he had to say, for that he himself was hurried and must push on to further the good cause." The lad was sobered in an instant.

"Look ye here, Sir Hugh," he said, eagerly; "Handsome Ned went down the road at a gallop this morning. There's something brewing in London, you may trust me, Sir Hugh, and I tried to stop him to learn his errand; but he tossed me a crown, and galloped on. He took the hill-road, Sir Hugh, and you came up the vale, but he's bound for Dangerfield, I know, and mayhap he's got papers that will save your journey to London; no offence, Sir Hugh," added the lad, for the baronet's face was black as midnight.

"None, my good boy," was the reply in a hoarse, thick voice. "Hold, there's another crown for you—drink it every farthing, you villain! or I'll never give you a sixpence again;" and Sir Hugh rode on as though bound for London, but stopped a mile farther forward, at a place where two roads met, and entrusting his papers to his servant, bade him hasten on with them, whilst he galloped

back through the darkness in the direction of his home.

Home, indeed! had it ever been home, to Sir Hugh? would it be home to-night? When he got back there, and skulked into his own house like a midnight thief, what would he do?—why was he galloping back so fast? Sir Hugh set his teeth tight, and holding his powerful horse hard by the head, urged him on faster than before. The lights are all out in the little village of which he is sole master, and his horse's hoofs clattering through the street rouse the sleepy inmates for an instant, ere they return to their peaceful rest. Sir Hugh is not sleepy, he feels as if he never should want to sleep again.

How dark it is in the park, under those huge old trees. He fastens his horse to one of them with drooping branches, and after removing his pistols from their holsters, spreads his cloak over the heaving flanks of the heated animal. Habit is second nature, and he does not forget the good horse. He strides through the shrubberies, and across Lucy's garden, crushing with his heavy boot-heel the last flower that had lingered on into the winter. There is a light streaming from one of the windows in the gallery. Ha!—he may be right—he may not have returned in vain; for an instant a feeling of sickness comes over him, and he learns for the first time that he had cherished a hope he might be deceived.

He can let himself in by the garden gate with his own pass-key. Ere he is aware, he is tramping up the corridor in his heavy horseman's boots—his hand is on the door—there is a woman's shriek—and Sir Hugh's tall dark figure fills the doorway of Lucy's sitting-room, where, alas! she is not alone, for the stern, angry husband is confronted by Ned Meredith.

Lucy cowers down in a corner of the room, with her face buried in her hands. Cousin Edward draws himself up to his full height, and looks his antagonist steadily in the face, but with an expression of calm despair that seems to say fate has now done her worst. Sir Hugh is cool, collected, and polite, nay, he can even smile, but he speaks strangely, almost in a whisper, and hisses through his set teeth. He has double-locked the door behind him, and turns to Cousin Edward with a grave courteous bow.

"You have done me the honor of an unexpected visit, Mr. Meredith," he says; "I trust Lady Horsingham has entertained you hospitably? Pray, do not stir, madam. Mr. Meredith, we are now quits: you saved my life when you encountered Colonel Blud-ger. I forbore from taking yours, when I

had proofs that it was my right. We have now entered on a fresh account, but the game shall be fairly played. Mr. Meredith, you are a man of honor—yes, it shall be fairly played.” Ned’s lip quivered, but he bowed and stood perfectly still. “Lady Horsingham,” continued Sir Hugh, “be good enough to hand me those tables, they contain a dice-box. Nay, Mr. Meredith, seeing Ned about to assist the helpless, frightened woman, “when *present*, at least, I expect my wife to obey me.” Lucy was forced to rise, and, trembling in every limb, to present the tables to her lord. Sir Hugh placed the dice-box on the table, laid his pistols beside it, and taking a seat, motioned to Cousin Edward to do the same. “You are a man of honor, Mr. Meredith,” he repeated: “we will throw three times, and the highest cast will blow the other’s brains out.” Lucy shrieked, and rushed to the door; it was fast, and her husband forced her to sit down and watch the ghastly game.

“Good God! Sir Hugh,” exclaimed Cousin Edward, “this is too horrible, for your wife’s sake; any reparation I can make, I will, but this is murder, deliberate murder.”

“You are a man of honor, Mr. Meredith,” reiterated Sir Hugh; “I ask for no reparation but this—the chances are equal, if the stakes are high. You are my guest, or rather I should say *Lady Horsingham’s* guest. Begin.” Cousin Edward’s face turned ghastly pale: he took the box, shook it, hesitated, but the immovable eye was fixed on him; the stern lips repeated once more, “You are a man of honor,” and he threw—“Four.” It was now Sir Hugh’s turn. With a courteous bow he received the box, and threw—“Seven.” Again the adversaries cast, the one a six, the other a three; and now they were even in the ghastly match. Once more Cousin Edward shook the box, and the leaping dice turned up—“Eleven.” Lucy’s white face stood out in the lamplight, as she watched with stony eyes that seemed to have lost the very power of sight.

“For God’s sake, forego this frightful determination, Sir Hugh,” pleaded Cousin Edward; “take my life in a fair field. I will offer no resistance, but you can hardly expect to outdo my throw, and nothing shall induce me to take advantage of it: think better of it, Sir Hugh, I entreat you.”

“You are a man of honor, Mr. Meredith, and so am I,” was the only reply, as Sir Hugh brandished the box aloft, and thundered it down on the table—“Sixes!” “Good casting,” he remarked, and at the same instant, cocking the pistol nearest to him, discharged it full into his antagonist’s

bosom. The bullet sped through a delicate lace handkerchief which he always wore there, straight and true into Cousin Edward’s heart. As he fell forward across the table, a dark stream flowed slowly, slowly along the carpet, till it dyed the border of Lucy’s white dress with a crimson stain. She was on her knees, apparently insensible, but one small hand felt the cold, wet contact, and she looked at it, and saw that it was blood. Once more she uttered a shriek that rang through those vast buildings, and rushed again to the door to find it locked. In sheer despair she made for the window, threw open the casement, and ere Sir Hugh could seize or stop her, flung herself headlong into the court below. When the horrified husband looked down into the darkness, a wisp of white garments, a bruised and lifeless body, was all that remained of Lady Horsingham.

That night one-half of Dangerfield Hall was consumed by fire. Its mistress was said to have perished in the flames. The good neighbors, the honest country people, pitied poor Sir Hugh, galloping back from London to find his house in ruins and his wife a corpse. His gay companions missed “Ned Meredith” from his usual haunts, but it was generally supposed he had obtained a mission to the court of St. Germain, and there was a rumor that he had perished in a duel with a French marquis. A certain half-witted lad might have elucidated the mystery, but he had been kidnapped and sent to the plantations. After many years he returned to England, and on his deathbed left a written statement implicating Sir Hugh in the double crime of arson and murder. But long ere this the culprit had appeared before a tribunal which admits of no prevarication, and the pretty boy with the golden curls had become lord of Dangerfield Hall. The long corridor had been but partially destroyed. It was repaired and refurnished by successive generations; but guests and servants alike refused to sleep again in that dreary wing, after the first trial. Every night, so surely as the old clock tolled out the hour of twelve, a rush of feet was heard along the passage—a window looking into the court was thrown open—a piercing scream from a woman’s voice rung through the building—and those who were bold enough to look out, averred that they beheld a white figure leap wildly into the air and disappear. Some even went so far as to affirm that drops of blood, freshly sprinkled, were found every morning on the pavement of the court. But no one ever doubted the Dangerfield ghost to be the nightly apparition of Lucy, Lady Horsingham.

At length, in my grandfather's time, certain boards being lifted to admit of fresh repairs in the accursed corridor, the silver-mounted guard of a rapier, the stock and barrel of a pistol, with a shred of lace on which the letter "L" was yet visible, were discovered by the workmen. They are in existence still. Whatever other remains accompanied them turned to dust immediately on exposure to the air. That dust was however religiously collected and buried in the mausoleum appropriated to the Horsinghams. Since then the ghost has been less troublesome; but most of the family have seen or heard it at least once in their lives. I confess that if ever I lie awake at Dangerfield till the clock strikes twelve, I invariably stop my ears, and bury my head under the bedclothes for at least a quarter of an hour. By these means I have hitherto avoided any personal acquaintance with the spectre, but nothing on earth would induce me to walk down that corridor at midnight, and risk a private interview with the Dangerfield ghost!

CHAPTER X.

As for spending a whole morning in the drawing-room with the ladies, it is what I cannot and will not submit to. Working and scandal, scandal and working, from half-past ten till two, is more than I can stand, so the very first morning I was at Dangerfield I resolved to break the chain at once, and do as I always meant to do for the future. Accordingly, immediately after breakfast I popped my bonnet on, the lavender one, that had done a good deal of London work, but was still quite good enough for the country, and started off for a walk by myself, confiding my intentions to no one, as I well knew if I did I should have Aunt Deborah's "Kate, *pray* don't overheat yourself, my dear. Do wrap yourself up, and take care not to catch cold;" and Lady Horsingham's sarcastic smile, and "In my time, Miss Coventry, young ladies were not in the habit of trailing all over the country by themselves, but I expect soon to hear of their farming and fishing and shooting, I should n't wonder—not worse than *hunting*, at any rate. However, I say nothing." And Cousin Amelia, with her lackadaisical sneer, and her avowal that she "was not equal to much walking;" and her offer to "go as far as the garden with me in the afternoon." So I tripped down the back staircase, and away to the stables, with a bit of sugar for Brilliant, who had arrived safely by the train, in company with White-Stockings; and on through the kitchen-garden and the home farm up to the free, fresh breezy down. I do enjoy a walk by myself,

and it was the last chance I should have of one, for Cousin John was expected that very day, and when Cousin John and I are anywhere together, of course we are inseparable. But I am sure an occasional stroll quite by oneself does one more good than anything. I think of such quantities of things that never occur to me at other times. Fairies, brigands, knights, and damsels, and all sorts of wild adventures; and I feel so brave and determined, as if I could face anything in a right cause, and so good, and I make such excellent resolutions, and walk faster and faster, and get more and more romantic, like a goose, as I know I am. Well, it was a beautiful morning, early in autumn—blue sky, light fleecy clouds, a sharp clear air from the north, the low country studded with corn-ricks, and alive with reapers, and cart teams, and cattle. A green valley below me, rich in fine old timber, and clothed with high thick hedgerows, concealing the sluggish river that stole softly away, and only gleamed out here and there to light up the distance, whilst above and around me stretched far and wide the vast expanse of down, cutting sharply against the sky, and dwarfing to mere shrubs the clumps of old fir-trees that relieved its magnificent monotony. I was deep in a day-dream, and an imaginary conversation with Frank Lovell, in which I was running over with much mental eloquence what I should say, and what *he* would say, and what I should reply to *that*, when a shrill whistle caused me to start and turn suddenly round, whilst at the same instant a great black retriever bounced up against my legs, and two handsome pointers raced by me as if just emancipated from the kennel. The consequence of all this was, that I stepped hastily on a loose stone, turned my foot the wrong way under me, and came down with a slightly sprained ankle, and the black retriever, an animal of exceedingly noisome breath, affectionately licking my face.

"Down, Juno! I beg your pardon a million times; get down, you bitch! How shall I ever apologize? confound you, get down;" said an agitated voice above me, and, looking up, I espied the red-haired stranger of the railway, dressed in a most conspicuous shooting costume, white hat and all, whose dogs had been the means of bringing me thus suddenly to the earth, and on whom I was now dependent for succor and support till I should be able to reach home.

In such an emergency my new friend was not half so confused and shy as I should have expected. He seemed to summon all his energies to consider what was best to be done; and, as my foot pained me considerably when I tried to walk, particularly

down-hill, he made no more ado, but lifted me carefully in his arms, and proceeded incessantly to carry me off in the direction of Dangerfield Hall, where he seemed intuitively to know I was at present residing.

It was, to say the least of it, an unusual situation. A man I had never seen but once before in my life—and here was I lying in his arms (a precious weight he must have found me!), and looking up in his face like a child in its nurse's, and the usages of society making it incumbent on us both to attempt a sort of indifferent conversation about the weather, and the country, and the beauty of the scenery, which the juxtaposition of our respective faces rendered ludicrous in the extreme.

"A tempting day for a walk, Miss—ah—ah—" (he did n't know my name—how should he?—and was now beginning to get very red, partly from the return of his constitutional shyness, and partly from the severity of his exertions). "I hope your foot does not pain you quite so much; be good enough to lean a little more this way." Poor man—how his arms must have ached!—whilst I replied somewhat in this fashion: "Thank you; I'm better; I shall soon be able to walk, I think: this is indeed a lovely country; don't you find me heavy?"—"I think I could carry you a good many miles," he said, quietly; and then seemed so shocked at such an avowal that he hardly opened his lips again, and put me down the very first time I asked him, and offered me his arm with an accession of confusion that made me feel quite awkward myself. Truth to tell, my ankle was not sprained, only *twisted*, and when the immediate pain wore off, I was pretty sound again, and managed, with the assistance of my new acquaintance's arm, to make a very good walk of it. So we plodded on quite sociably towards the Hall, and my friend took leave of me at the farm with a polite bow, and a sort of hesitating manner that most shy men possess, and which would lead one to infer they have always got something more to say that never is said. I knew I should be well scolded if I avowed my accident to any of the family; besides, I did not quite fancy facing all the inquiries as to how I got home, and Cousin Amelia's sneers about errant damsels and wandering knights, so I stole quietly up to my room, bathed my foot in eau de Cologne, and remained *perdue* till dinner-time, in despite of repeated messages from my aunts, and the arrival of Cousin John.

People may talk about country pleasures and country duties, and all the charms of country life; but it appears to me that a good many things are done under the titles of pleasure and duty which belong in reality

to neither; and that those who live entirely in the country, inflict on themselves a great variety of unnecessary disagreeables, as they lose a great many of its chief delights. Of all receipts for weariness, commend me to a dinner-party of country neighbors by *day-light*,—people who know each other just well enough to have opposite interests and secret jealousies,—who arrive ill at ease in their smart dresses to sit through a protracted meal with hot servants and a forced conversation, till one young lady on her promotion being victimized at the piano-forte, enables them to yawn unobserved, and welcome ten o'clock brings round the carriage and tippy coachman, in order that they may enter on their long, dark, dreary drive home through lanes and by-ways, which is only endurable from the consideration that the annual ordeal has been accomplished, and that they need not do it again till this time next year.

There was a dinner-party at Dangerfield regularly once a month, and this was the day. Aunt Horsingham was great on these occasions, astonishing the neighbors as much with her London dresses, as did Cousin Amelia with her London manners. We all assembled a few minutes earlier than usual in the drawing-room, so as to be ready to receive our guests, and great was the indiction on poor Aunt Deborah and my humble self. How they trooped in, one after another! Sir Brian and Lady Banneret, and Master Banneret, and two Miss Bannerets: these were the great cards of the party, so Lady Horsingham kissed Lady Banneret and the young ladies, and opined Master Banneret was *grown*, much to the indignation of that young gentleman, who being an Oxonian of course considered himself a *man*. Sir Brian was a good-humored, jolly old boy, with a loud laugh, and stood with his coat-tails lifted and his back to the empty fire-place in perfect ease and contentment: not so his lady; first she scrutinized everything Lady Horsingham had got on, then she took a review of the furniture, and especially marked one faded place in the carpet; lastly, she turned a curious and disappointed glance on myself. I accounted for the latter mark of displeasure by the becoming shade of my gown; I knew it was a pretty one, and would meet with feminine censure accordingly. The Bannerets were soon followed by Mr. and Mrs. Plumridge, a newly-married couple, who were feted accordingly. Mr. Plumridge was a light-haired, unmeaning-looking individual, partially bald, with a blue coat and white satin neckcloth; his bride a lively, sarcastic, black-eyed little woman, that must have married him for her own convenience—they said afterwards she was once a gov-

erness, but at all events she held her own handsomely when alone with the ladies after dinner, and, partly from good humor, partly from an exceedingly off-hand natural manner, forced even Lady Banneret to be civil to her. Then came the Marmadukes and the Mary-golds, and old Miss Finch in a sedan-chair from the adjoining village, and a goodish-looking man whose name I never made out, and Mr. Sprigges, the curate; and lastly, in a white heat and a state of utter confusion, my shy acquaintance of the railway and the pointers, who was ushered in by Lady Horsingham's pompous butler under the style and title of Mr. Haycock. He appeared to be a great friend of the family, and, much to his own discomfiture, was immediately laid violent hands on by my aunt and cousin, the former not thinking it necessary to present him to me, till he offered me his arm to take me to dinner, when her face of reproof on his stammering out he "had met Miss Coventry before," was worth anything, expressive as it was of shocked propriety and puzzled astonishment.

When you have a secret only known to your two selves, even with a shy man, it is wonderful how it brings him on. Before the soup was off the table, Squire Haycock and I had become wonderfully good friends. He had hoped "my ankle did not pain me," and I had trusted "his arms did not ache;" he had even gone the length of "'vowing' that he would have shot his clumsy retriever for being the cause of the accident, only he let him off because if it had n't been for the dog—" and here, seeing Cousin Amelia's eye fixed upon us, my companion stopped dead short, and concealed his blushes in a glass of champagne. Taking courage from that well-iced stimulant, he reverted to our railway journey in company.

"I knew you again, this morning, Miss Coventry, I assure you, a long way off; in fact, I was going the other way, only, seeing you walking in that lonely part of the Down, I feared you might be frightened" (he was getting bright scarlet again). "and I determined to watch you at a little distance, and be ready to assist you if you were alarmed by tramps, or sheep-dogs, or——"

I thought he was getting on too fast, so I stopped him at once by replying:

"I am well able to take care of myself, Mr. Haycock, I assure you, and I like best walking quite alone;" after which I turned my shoulder a little towards him and completely discomfited him for the rest of dinner. One great advantage of diffidence in a man is, that one can so easily reduce him to the lowest depths of despondency; but then, on the other hand, he is apt to think one means to be more cruel than one does, and one is

obliged to be kind in proportion to one's previous coldness, or the stupid creature breaks away altogether. When the ladies got up to leave the dining-room, I dropped my handkerchief well under the table, and when it was returned to me by the Squire, I gave him such a look of gratitude as I knew would bring him back to me in the evening. Nobody hates flirting so much as myself, but what is one to do shut up in a country-house, with no earthly thing to occupy or amuse one?

Tea and coffee served but little to produce cordiality amongst the female portion of the guests after their flight to the drawing-room. Lady Horsingham and Lady Banneret talked apart on the sofa; they were deep in the merits of their respective preachers and the failings of their respective maids. Mrs. Marmaduke and Mrs. Marygold having had a "Book-Club" feud, did not speak to each other, but communicated through the medium of Miss Finch, whose deafness rendered this a somewhat unsatisfactory process. Aunt Deborah went to sleep, as usual; and I tried the two Miss Bannerets consecutively, but ascertained that neither would open her lips, at least in the presence of mamma. At last I found a vacant place by the side of Mrs. Plumridge, and discovered immediately, with the peculiar freemasonry which I believe men do not possess, that she was *one of my sort*. She liked walking, riding, driving, dancing, all that I liked, in short; and she hated scandal, gossiping, *sensible* women, morning visits, and worsted-work, for all of which I confess to an unqualified aversion. We were getting fast friends when the gentlemen came in from their wine, honest Sir Brian's voice sounding long before he entered the room, and the worthy gentleman himself rolling in with an unsteady step, partly from incipient gout, and partly, I fancy, from a good deal of port wine. He took a vacant seat by me almost immediately, chiefly, I think, because it was the nearest seat; and, avowing openly his great regard and admiration for my neighbor, Mrs. Plumridge, proceeded to make himself agreeable to both of us in his own way, — though I am concerned to state that he trod heavily on my sprained foot, and spilt the greater part of a cup of coffee over her satin gown. The Squire, whose nerves for the present were strung above blushing pitch, soon joined our little party, and whilst the two Miss Bannerets performed an endless duet on Aunt Horsingham's luckless piano-forte, and their brother, choking in his stiff white neckcloth, turned over the leaves, Sir Brian bantered Mr. Haycock gracefully on his abstemiousness after dinner, an effort of self-denial of which no one

could accuse *him*, and vowed with much laughter, that "Haycock must be in love! in love, Miss Coventry, don't you think so? A man that always used to take his two bottles as regularly as myself—I am a foe to excess, ladies, but Haycock's an anchorite, d—me—a monk. Haycock! monks must marry, you know!—wouldn't he look well with his feet shaved, Miss Coventry, and his head bare, and a rope round his neck?" Sir Brian was getting confused, and had slightly transposed the clerical costume to which he alluded; but was quite satisfied that his little badinage was witty and amusing in the extreme; indeed, Mrs. Plumridge and I could n't help laughing; but poor Squire Haycock's embarrassment was so intense that he ordered his carriage immediately, and took leave, venturing however, at the very last, to shake me by the hand, and braving once again the banter of the inebriated baronet.

"Stole away," said Sir Brian: "a shy man, Miss Coventry, a shy, diffident man, my friend Haycock, but true as steel—not a better landlord in the county—excellent neighbor—useful magistrate—good house—beautiful garden—lots of poultry, and a glass bee-hive—wants nothing but a wife:—order the carriage, my lady. Mrs. Plumridge, you must come and see us at Slopperley, and don't forget to bring Plumridge. Miss Coventry, you're a charming young lady, mind you come too;" so jolly Sir Brian wished us both a most affectionate good-night, and, shaking Aunt Horsingham violently by both hands, packed himself into his carriage in a state of high good-humor and confusion. I have since heard that on his arrival at Slopperley he stoutly refused to get out, declaring that he preferred to "sit in the carriage whilst they changed horses," and avowing, much to his old butler's astonishment, his resolution to go "at least one more stage than night."

CHAPTER XI.

I must despair of being able in simple narrative to convey the remotest idea of the dulness of Dangerfield Hall; but as during my residence there I beguiled the weary hours by keeping a Diary (bound in blue velvet, with brass clasps, and a Bramah lock), I have it in my power, by transcribing a few of its pages, to present to my readers my own impressions of life in that well-regulated establishment. I put things down just as they happened, with my own reflections, more or less philosophical, on the events of each day. My literary labors were invariably carried on after the family had retired for the night; and I may observe that a loose white dressing-gown, trimmed with Mechlin lace and pink

ribbons, one's hair of course being "taken down," is a costume extremely well adapted to the effects of composition. I take a day from the Diary at random.

Thursday.—Up at half-past seven: peeped in the glass the instant I was out of bed, and wondered how Cousin Amelia looks when she wakes; yellowish, I should think, and by no means captivating, particularly if she wears a nightcap. I don't care how ugly a woman is, she has no right to look anything but *fresh* in the morning, and yet how few possess this advantage. Nothing like open air and plenty of exercise; *saving* one's complexion is undoubtedly the very way to spoil it. Saw Brilliant and White-Stockings going to exercise in the park: what coddles they look on these fine autumn mornings, covered with clothing. Felt very *keen* about hunting; the same feeling always comes on at the fall of the leaf; shouldn't wonder if I could jump a gate, with my present nerves. Should like once in my life to *plant* a field of horsemen, and show these gentlemen how a woman *can* ride. Interrupted in my day-dreams by Lady Horsingham's bell, and huddled on my things in a tremendous hurry; forced to wash my hands in *cold* water, which made the tips of my fingers as red as radishes for the rest of the day. Got down to prayers by half-past eight, and took Aunt Deborah her tea and toast from the breakfast-table at nine.

Breakfast dull, and most of the party cross: Aunt Horsingham is generally out of humor at breakfast-time, particularly on Sundays. Cousin Amelia suggested my towels were too coarse, "they had rubbed a color into my cheeks like a dairy-maid's." John said I looked like a rose; a tea-rose, he added, as I handed him his cup. Cousin John is getting quite poetical, and decidedly improved since he left London. I wonder whom he got that letter from that was lying on his plate when he came down? I am *not* curious, but I just glanced at the direction, and I am certain it was in a lady's hand—not that it's any business of mine, only I should think Miss Molasses would hardly have the face to *write* to him. I wonder whether there is anything between John and Miss Molasses. I asked him, half spitefully, the other day, how he could bear to be parted from her now the season was over; and he seemed so pleased at my taking an interest in the thing at all, that I had no patience to go on with my cross-questioning. I don't think she's good enough for John, I must confess; but he is easily imposed on by young ladies, as, indeed, for that matter, are the rest of his great thick-headed sex. When breakfast was over, and Cousin Amelia went off as usual to practise her music for an hour or two, I

thought I might steal away for a visit to my favorites in the stable; indeed, I saw John at the front door, in a hideous wide-awake, with a long cigar in his mouth; but I was waylaid by Aunt Horsingham, and, as these visits to the stable are strictly forbidden, I was obliged to follow her into the drawing-room, and resign myself for the whole morning to that dreadful worsted-work, more especially as it was coming on a drizzling mist, and there was no pretext for my usual walk.

"I am glad to see you getting more sociable, Kate," said Lady Horsingham, in her dry, harsh voice, as I took a seat beside her and opened my work-basket; "it is never advisable for any young lady to affect singularity; and I have observed, with some concern, that your demeanor on many occasions is very unlike that of the rest of your sex."

I never give in to Aunt Horsingham; after all, she's not *my own* aunt, so I answered as pertly as ever I could.

"No; you mean I don't spend the morning in looking in the glass, and talking evil of my neighbors; I don't scream when I see a beetle, or go into convulsions because there's a mouse in the room. I've got two legs, very good legs, Aunt Horsingham—shall I show you them?—and I like to use them, and to be out of doors amongst the trees, and the grass, and the daisies, instead of counting stitches for work that nobody wants, or writing letters that nobody reads. I had rather give Brilliant a good 'lucketing'" (Aunt Horsingham shuddered, I knew she would, and used the word on purpose) "over an open heath or a line of grass, than go bodkin in a chariot, seven miles an hour, and both windows up. Thank you, Aunt Horsingham, you would like to make a fine lady of me—a useless, sickly, lackadaisical being, instead of a healthy, active, plucky, light-hearted woman; much obliged to you—I had rather stay as I am."

"Miss Coventry," said my aunt, who was completely posed by my volubility, and apparently shocked beyond the power of expression at my opinions; "Miss Coventry," she repeated, "if these are indeed your sentiments, I must beg, nay, I must insist, on your keeping them to yourself whilst under *this* roof. Amelia, my dear" (to my cousin, who was gliding quietly into the room), "Amelia, go back to your music for ten minutes. I must insist, Miss Coventry, that you do not inculcate *my* daughter with these pernicious doctrines—this mistaken view of the whole duties and essentials of your sex. Do you think *men* appreciate a woman who, if she had but a beard, would be exactly like one of themselves? Do you think they

like to see their ideal hot and dishevelled, plastered with mud, and dragged with wet? Do you think they wish her to be strong and independent of them, and perhaps their superior at those very sports and exercises on which they plume themselves? Do you think they are to be taken by storm, and, so to speak, bullied into admiration? You're wrong, Kate, you're wrong, and I believe I am equally wrong to talk to you in this strain, inasmuch as the admiration of the other sex ought to be the last thing coveted or thought of by a young person of yours."

"I'm sure, aunt, I don't want the men to admire me," I replied; "but I would not give much for the admiration of one who could be jealous of me for so paltry a cause as my riding better than himself; and as for ideals, I don't know much about such things, but I think a man's ideal may do pretty well what she likes, and he is sure to think everything she *does* do is perfect. Besides, I don't see why I should *bully* him into liking me because I am fond of the beautiful 'out of doors' instead of the fire-side. And courageous women, like courageous men, are generally a deal more gentle than the timid ones. I've known ladies who would not venture in a carriage or into a boat, who could wage a war of words with their husbands bitter than the veriest trooper would have at his command; and I've heard Cousin John say that there is scarcely an instance of a veritable heroine in history, from Joan of Arc downwards, who was not in her private life as sweet, as gentle, and as womanly, as she was high-couraged and undaunted when the moment came that summoned all her energies to the encounter. Unselfishness is the cause in both cases, you may depend. People that are always so dreadfully afraid something is going to happen to them, think a great deal more of self than of anything else; and the same cause which makes them tremble at imaginary danger for their own sakes, will make them forgetful of real sufferings in which they themselves have no share. I had rather be a hoyden, Aunt Horsingham, and on in go my own way. I have much more enjoyment, and upon my word I don't think I'm one bit a worse member of society than if I was the most delicate fine lady that ever fainted away at the overpowering smell of a rose-leaf or the merry peal of a noisy child's laugh."

My aunt lifted up her hands and gave in, for the return of Cousin Amelia from the music-room effectually prevented further discussion, and we beguiled the time till luncheon by alternate fits of scandal and work, running through the characters of most of the neighbors within twenty miles, and completely demolishing the reputation of *my*

friend, as they called her, lively, sarcastic little Mrs. Plumridge. John was off rabbit-shooting, so of course he did not appear at that meal so essential to ladies; and after Cousin Amelia, by way of being delicate, had got through two cutlets, the best part of a chicken, a plateful of rice-pudding, and a large glass of sherry, I ventured to propose to her that if the afternoon held up we should have a walk.

"I'm not equal to much fatigue," said she, with a languid air and heavy look about her eyes which I attributed to the luncheon, "but if you like we'll go to the garden and the hothouses, and be back in time for a cup of tea at five o'clock."

"Anything to get out of the house," was my reply, and forthwith I rushed up-stairs, two steps at a time, to put on my things, whilst my aunt whispered to her daughter, loud enough for me to hear, "She really ought to have been a man, Emmy; did you ever see such a hoyden in your life?"

It was pleasant to get out even into that formal garden. The day was soft and misty, such as one often finds it towards the close of autumn—dark, without being chill, and the withered leaves strewed the earth in all the beauty of wholesome natural decay. Autumn makes some people miserable; I confess it is the time of year that I like best. Spring makes me cross if it's bad weather, and melancholy if it's fine. Summer is very enjoyable, certainly, but it has a luxuriance of splendor that weighs down my spirits; and in those glorious hot, dreamy, hay-making days, I seem unable to identify myself sufficiently with all the beauty around me, and to pine for I don't exactly know what. Winter is charming, when it don't freeze, with its early candle-light and long evenings; but autumn combines everything that to me is most delightful—the joys of reality and the pleasures of anticipation. Cousin Amelia don't think so at all.

"A nasty raw day, Kate," she remarked as we emerged from the hothouse into the moist, heavy air. "How I hate the country, except whilst the strawberries are ripe. Let's go back to the house, and read with our feet on the fender till tea-time."

"Not yet, Emmy," I pleaded, for I really pined for a good walk; "let's go on the high road as far as the mile-stone—it's market-day at Muddlebury, and we shall see the tipsy farmers riding home, and the carrier's carts with their queer-looking loads; besides, think what a color you'll have for dinner. Come on, there's a dear!"

The last argument was unanswerable; and Cousin Amelia putting her best foot foremost, we soon cleared the garden and the approach, and emerged on the high road

three miles from Muddlebury, and well out of sight of the windows at Dangerfield Hall. As we rose the hill, on the top of which is perched the well-known milestone, and my cousin began already to complain of fatigue, the sound of hoofs behind us caused us both to stop and look round.

"It's cavalry," said Amelia, who jumps rather rapidly to conclusions, and is no judge of a horse.

"It's a stud," was my reply; "somebody coming to hunt with 'the Heavy-top.' Let's stand in this gateway and see them pass." We took up a position accordingly, and if I felt keen about the commencement of the season previously, how much more so did I become to watch the string of gallant well-bred horses now jogging quietly towards us with all the paraphernalia and accessories of the chase?

Two, four, six, and a hack, all clothed and hooded, and packed for travelling. Such a chesnut in the van, with a minute boy on him, who cannot have weighed four stone—strong, flat, sinewy legs (the chesnut's, not the boy's), hocks and thighs clean, full, and muscular as Brilliant's, only twice the size; a long, square tail, and a wicked eye,—how I *should* like to ride that chesnut. Then a brown and two bays, one of the latter scarcely big enough for a hunter, to my fancy, but apparently as thoroughbred as Eclipse; then a gray, who seemed to have a strong objection to being led, and who held back and dragged at his rein in a most provoking manner; and lastly, by the side of a brown hack that I fancied I had seen before, a beautiful black horse, the very impersonation of strength, symmetry, courage, speed, and all that a horse should be.

"Ask the groom whose they are," whispered Amelia, as he went by; "I don't quite like to speak to him; he looks an impudent fellow, with those dark whiskers."

I should like to see the whiskers that would frighten me; so I stepped boldly out into the road, and accosted him at once.

"Whose horses are those, my man?" I asked, with my most commanding air.

"Captain Lovell's, miss," was the reply. My heart jumped into my mouth and you might have knocked me down with a feather.

"Captain Lovell's!" exclaimed Amelia; "why, that's your old flirt, Kate. I see it all now,"—but I hardly heard her, and when I looked up the horses were a mile off, and we were retracing our steps towards Dangerfield Hall.

What a happy day this has been, and how unpromising was its beginning. And yet I don't know why I should have been so

happy. After all, there is nothing extraordinary in Captain Lovell's sending down a stud of horses to hunt with so favorite a pack as "the Heavy-top" hounds. I wish I had summoned courage to ask the man when his master was coming, and where he was going to stay; but I really could not do it, no, not if my life had depended on it. All the way home Cousin Amelia laughed, and sneered, and chattered, and once she acknowledged I was "the best-tempered girl in the world," but I am sure I have not an idea why I deserve this character; her words fell perfectly unheeded on my ear. I was glad to get to the solitude of my own room, when it was time to dress for dinner, that I might have the luxury, if it was only for five minutes, of *thinking* undisturbed; but there was Aunt Deborah to be attended to, for poor Aunt Deborah, I am sorry to say, is by no means well, and Gertrude came in "to do my hair;" and then the dinner-bell rang, and the wearisome meal and the long evening dragged on in their accustomed monotony, but I did not find it as dull as usual, though I was more rejoiced than ever when the hand-candles came, and we were dismissed to go to bed.

And now they are all fast asleep, and I can sit at my open window, and think, think, think as much as I like. What a lovely night it is; the mist has cleared off, and the moon is glistening in the moonlight, and the old trees are silvered over and blackened alternately by its beams; the church tower stands out massively against the sky. How dark the old belfry looks on such a night as this, contrasting with the white tomb-stones in the churchyard, and the slated roof shimmering above the aisle; there is a faint breeze sighing amongst the few remaining leaves, now rising into a pleading whisper, now dying away with a sad unearthly moan: the deer are moving restlessly about the park, now standing out in bold relief on some open space brightened by the moonlight, now flitting like spectres athwart the shade. Everything breathes of romance and illusion, and I do believe it is very bad for one to be watching here, dreaming wide awake, instead of snoring healthily in bed. I wonder what he is about at this moment? perhaps smoking a cigar out of doors, and enjoying this beautiful night. I wonder what he is thinking of? Perhaps after all he's stewed up in some lamplit drawing-room, talking nonsense to Lady Scapegrace and Mrs. Lumley, or playing that odious whist at his club. Well, I suppose I may as well go to bed: one more look into the night, and then—hark! what is it? how beautiful! how charming! distant music from the wood at the low end of the park: the deer

are all listening, and now they troop down towards the noise in scores: how softly it dies away and rises again: 'tis a cornet-piston, I think, and though not very skilfully played, it sounds heavenly by moonlight. I never thought that old air of "You'll remember me," half so beautiful before. Who can't be? I have never heard it since I came here. It can't be Captain Lovell's groom, it's not quite impossible it might be Captain Lovell himself. Ah! if I thought that! Well, it has ceased now. I may as well go to bed. What a happy day this has been, and what dreams I shall have.

CHAPTER XII.

FRIDAY. — This has been an eventful day. I thought somehow it would be so, at all events the first day's hunting is always an era to me—so when I came down to breakfast in my riding-habit, and braved the cold glances of my aunt and the sarcasms of my cousin, I was prepared for a certain amount of excitement, although I confess I did not bargain for quite as much as I got.

"You'll enjoy yourself to-day, I trust, Miss Coventry," said Aunt Horsingham, looking as black as thunder.

"Mind you don't get a fall," observed Cousin Amelia, with a sneer; but I cared little for their remarks and remonstrances. White-Stockings was at the door, Cousin John ready to lift me into my saddle, and I envied no mortal woman on earth, no, not our gracious Queen upon the throne, when I found myself fairly mounted, and jogging gently down the park, in all the delightful anticipation of a good day's sport. I think I would rather have ridden Brilliant of the two, but John suggested that the country was cramped and sticky, with small fields and blind fences. Now, White-Stockings is an animal of great circumspection, and allows no earthly consideration to hurry him. He is moreover as strong as a dray-horse, and as handy, so John declares, "as a fiddle." To him therefore was entrusted the honor of carrying me on my first appearance with the Heavy-top hounds. The meet was at no great distance from Dangerfield Hall, and, being the beginning of the season, and a favorite place, there was a considerable muster of the *élite* of the county, and a goodly show of very respectable horses to grace the covert side. At we rode up to the mounted assemblage, I perceived, by the glances of curiosity, not to say admiration, directed at myself and White-Stockings, that ladies were unusual visitors in that field, and that the Heavy-top gentlemen were not prepared to be cut down, at all events by a woman. Cousin John seems to know them all, and to be a universal favorite.

"Who's the lady, Jones, my boy?" whispered a fat squire in a purple garment, with a face to match; "good seat on a horse, eh? rides like a bird, I'll warrant her." I did not catch John's answer, but the corpulent sportsman nodded, and smiled, and winked, and wheezed out, "Lucky dog — pretty cousin — double harness."

I don't know what he meant, but that it was something intensely ludicrous I gather from his nearly choking with laughter at his own concluding observation, though John blushed and looked rather like a fool.

"Who's that girl on a chesnut?" I again heard asked by a slang-looking man with red whiskers meeting under his chin; "looks like a larker — I must get introduced to her," added the conceited brute. How I hated him! If he had ventured to speak to me, I really think I could have struck him over the face with my riding whip.

"I told you it would not be long before we met, Miss Coventry," said a well-known voice beside me, and turning round I shook hands with Captain Lovell, and I am ashamed to confess, shook all over into the bargain. I am always a little nervous the first day of the season. How well he looked in his red coat and neat appointments, with his graceful seat upon a horse, and so high-bred, amongst all the country squires and jolly yeomen that surrounded us. He had more color, too, than when in London, and altogether I thought I had never seen him looking so handsome. The chesnut with the wicked eye, showing off his fine shape, now divested of clothing, curvetted and bent to his rider's hand as if he thoroughly enjoyed that light restraining touch: the pair looked what the gentlemen call "all over like going," and I am sure one of them thought so too.

"I saw your horses on their way to Muddebury, yesterday," I at length found courage to say; "are you going to hunt all the season with the Heavy-top?"

"How long do you stay at Dangerfield?" was the counter question from Frank; "you see I know the name of the place already; I believe I could find my way now about the park; very picturesque it is too, by night, Miss Coventry. Do you like music by moonlight?"

"Not if it's played out of tune," I answered with a laugh and a blush: but just then Squire Haycock, whom I scarcely knew in his hunting costume, rode up to us, and begged as a personal favor to himself that we would accompany him to a particular point, from which he could ensure us a good start if the fox went away, his face becoming scarlet as he expressed a hope "Miss Coventry would not allow her fondness for the chase to lead her into unnecessary danger;" whilst

Frank looked at him with a half-amused, half-puzzled expression, that seemed to say, "What a queer creature you are, and what the deuce can that matter to you?"

I wonder why people always want to oblige you when you don't want to be obliged; "too civil by half" is much more in the way than "not half civil enough," so we rode on with Squire Haycock, and took up a position at the end of the wood that commanded a view of the whole proceedings, and, as Frank whispered to me, was "the likeliest place in the world if we wanted to head the fox."

The Heavy-top hounds are an establishment such as, I am given to understand, is not usually kept in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and other so called "flying counties." I like to gain all the information I can — Cousin John calls this thirst for knowledge "female curiosity," — and I gather from him that the Heavy-top consists of twenty-two couples of hunting hounds, and that the whole twenty-two came out three times a week during the season. I don't see why they should n't, I'm sure — they look very fat, and remind me of the other hounds poor Uncle Horace used to keep when I was a child. He (that's my oracle, Cousin John) further adds, that they are remarkably "steady," — which is more than can be said of their huntsman, who is constantly drunk, — and that they consume a vast quantity of "flesh;" which, far from being a meritorious, appears to me a disgusting tendency. They are capital "line-hunters," so says John; a "line-hunter" I imagine is a hound that keeps snuffing about under the horses' feet, and must be a most useful auxiliary, when, as is often the case, the sportsmen are standing on the identical spot where the fox has crossed. He considers them a very "killing" pack, not in manners or appearance, certainly, but in perseverance and undying determination. The huntsman is what is called "one of the old sort;" if this is a correct description, I can only say that "the old sort" must have worn the brownest and shabbiest of boots, the oldest of coats, and the greasiest of caps: must have smelt of brandy on all occasions, and lived in a besotted state of general confusion, vibrating between "delirium audacious" and "delirium tremens." They have however a certain whip, called "Will," who appears to me to do all the work, and to keep everything right. When old Tippler drinks himself to death, a casualty which must shortly happen, Will is pretty sure to succeed him; an event which I fancy will greatly add to the efficiency of the Heavy-top hounds. To crown all, Frank Lovell dubs the whole thing "slow," but I have remarked, gentlemen make use of this

epithet to convey their disapproval of that which they cannot find any positive fault with, just as we ladies call a woman "bad style," when we have nothing else to say in her disparagement.

"Gone away!" exclaims Squire Haycock, lifting his cap high above his red head; "yonder he goes! don't you see him, Miss Coventry? now whisking under the gate."

"Forward, forward!" hilloas Frank, giving vent to his excitement in one of those prolonged screams that proclaim how the astonished sportsman has actually *seen* the fox with his own eyes. The next instant he is through the hand-gate at the end of the ride, and, rising in his stirrups, with the wicked chesnut held hard by the head, is speeding away over the adjoining pasture, alongside of the two or three couples of leading hounds that have just emerged from the covert. Ah! we are all forgotten now, women, children, everything is lost in that first delirious five minutes when the hounds are really away. Frank was gazing at me a minute ago as if his very life was at my disposal, and now he is speeding away a field ahead of me, and don't care whether I break my neck following him or not. But this is no time for such thoughts as these, the drunken huntsman is sounding his horn in our rear. Will, the whip, cap in hand, is bringing up the body of the pack. Squire Haycock holds the gate open for me to pass, Cousin John goes by me like a flash of lightning; White-Stockings, with a loose rein, submits to be kicked along at any pace I like to ask him; the fence at the end of the field is nothing, I shall go exactly where Frank did; my blood thrills with ecstasy in my veins: moment of moments! I have got a capital start, and we are in for a run.

As I sit here in my arm-chair and dressing-gown, I see the whole panorama of to-day passing once more before my eyes. I see that dark, wet, ploughed field, with the white hounds slipping noiselessly over its furrowed surface. I can almost perceive the fresh wholesome smell of the newly-turned earth. I see the ragged, overgrown, straggling fence at the far end, glistening with morning dew, and green with formidable briars. I see Frank Lovell's chesnut rising at the weakest place, the rider sitting well back, his spurs and stirrup-irons shining in the sun; I see Squire Haycock's square scarlet back, as he diverges to a well-known corner for some friendly agress; I hear Cousin John's voice shouting, "Give him his head, Kate!"

As White-Stockings and I rapidly approach the leap, my horse relapses of his own accord into a trot, points his small ears, crashes into the very middle of the fence, and, just as I

give myself up for lost, makes a second bound that settles me once more in the saddle, and lands gallantly in the adjoining field, Frank looking back over his shoulder in evident anxiety and admiration, whilst John's cheery voice, with its "bravo, Kate!" rings in my delighted ears. We three are now nearest the hounds, a long strip of rushy meadowland before us, the pack streaming along the side of a high, thick hedge, that bounds it on our left; the south wind fans my face and lifts my hair, as I slacken my horse's rein and urge him to his speed. I am alongside of Frank. I could ride anywhere now, or do anything. I pass him with a smile and a jest. I am the foremost with the chase. What is ten years of common life, one's feet upon the fender, compared to five such golden minutes as these? The hounds stop suddenly, and, after scattering and spreading themselves into the form of an open fan, look up in my face with an air of mute bewilderment. The huntsmen and the field come up, the gentlemen in a high state of delight and confusion, but Mr. Tippler in the worst of humors, and muttering as he trots off to a corner of the meadow with the pack about his horses' heels:

"Rode 'em slap off the scent—drove 'em to a check—wish she was at home and abed and asleep, and be d—d to her!"

A grim old lady who has but one eye, and answers to the name of "Jezebel," has threaded the fence, and proclaims in anything but a sweet voice to her comrades, that she has discovered the line of our fox. They join her in an instant, down go their heads in concert, and away we all speed again, through an open gate, across a wide common, into a strip of plantation, over a stile and footboard that leads out of it, and I find myself once more following Captain Lovell, with Cousin John alongside of me, and all the rest far, far behind. This is indeed glorious. I should like it to go on till dinner-time. How I hope we sha'n't kill the fox.

"Take hold of his head, Kate," says my cousin, whose horse has just blundered on to his nose through a gap; "even White-Stockings won't last forever, and this is going to be something out of the common."

"Forward!" is my reply, as I point with my whip towards the lessening pack, now a whole field ahead of us, "forward!" If we had n't been going such a pace, I could have sung for joy.

There is a line of pollarded willow-trees down in that hollow, and the hounds have already left these behind them; they are rising the opposite ground. Again Frank Lovell looks anxiously back at me, but makes no sign.

"We must have it, Kate!" says John,

"there's your best place, under the tree; send him at it as hard as he can lay legs to the ground."

I ply my whip and loosen my reins in vain. White-Stockings stops dead short, and lowers his nose to the water, as if he wanted to drink; all of a sudden the stream is behind me, and, with a flounder and a struggle, we are safe over the brook. Not so Cousin John; I see him on his legs on the bank, with his horse's head lying helplessly between his feet, the rest of that valuable animal being completely submerged.

"Go along, Kate!" he shouts encouragingly; and again I speed after Frank Lovell, who is by this time nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of me, and at least that distance behind the hounds. White-Stockings is going very pleasantly, but the ground is now entirely on the rise, and he indulges occasionally in a trot without any hint on my part; the fences fortunately got weaker and weaker; the fields are covered with stones, and are light, good galloping enough, but the rise gets steeper every yard; round hills are closing in about us; we are now on the Downs, and the pack is still fleeing ahead, like a body of hounds in a dream, every moment increasing their distance from us, and making them more and more indistinct. Frank Lovell disappears over the brow of that hill, and I urge White-Stockings to overtake my only companion. He don't seem to go much faster, for all that. I strike him once or twice with my light riding-whip; I shake my reins, and he comes back into a trot; I rise in my stirrup, and rouse his energies in every way I can think of. I am afraid he must be ill; the trot degenerates to a jog, a walk; he carries his head further out from him than is his wont, and treats curb and snaffle with a like disregard and callousness of mouth. Now he stops altogether, and, catching a side view of his head, his eye appears to be more prominent than usual, and the whole animal seems changed, till I can hardly fancy it is my own horse. I get a little frightened now, and look round for assistance. I am quite alone. Hounds, horse-men, all have disappeared: the wide, dreary, solitary Downs stretch around me, and I begin to have misgivings as to how I am to get back to Dangerfield Hall. Cousin John has explained it all to me since.

"Nothing could be simpler, Kate," said he, this evening, when I handed him his tea, "you stopped your horse. If ladies will go in front with a loose rein for five and forty minutes' riding, jealous of such a first-rate performer as Frank Lovell, it is not an unlikely thing to happen. If you could have lasted ten minutes longer, you would have

seen them kill their fox. Frank was the only one there, but he assures me he could not have gone another hundred yards. Never mind, Kate, better luck next time!"

Well, to return to my day. After a while, White-Stockings began to recover himself; I'm sure I didn't know what to do for him. I got off, and loosened his girth as well as I could, and turned his head to the wind, and wiped his poor nose with my pocket-handkerchief. I had n't any eau de Cologne, and if I had, it might not have done him much good. At last he got better, and I got on again (all my life I've been used to mounting and dismounting without assistance). Thinking down-hill must be the way home, down-hill I turned him, and proceeded slowly on, now running over in my own mind the glorious hour I had just spent, now wondering whether I should be lost and have to sleep amongst the Downs, and anon coming back to the old subject, and resolving that hunting was the only thing to live for, and that for the future I would devote my whole time and energies to that pursuit. At last I got into a steep chalky lane, and at a turn a little further on espied, to my great relief, a red-coated back jogging leisurely home. White-Stockings pricked up his ears and mended his pace, so I soon overtook the returning sportsman, who proved to be no other than Squire Haycock, thrown out like the rest of the Heavy-top gentlemen, and only too happy to take care of me, and show me the shortest way (eleven miles as the crow flies) back to Dangerfield Hall.

We jogged on amicably enough, the Squire complimenting me much on my prowess, and not half so shy as usual, — very often the case with a diffident man when on horseback. We were forced to go very slow, both our horses being pretty well tired; and, to make matters better, we were caught in a tremendous hail-storm, about two miles from home, just as it was getting dark, and close to the spot where our respective roads diverged. I could not possibly miss mine, as it was perfectly straight. Ah! that hail-storm has a deal to answer for. We were forced to turn through a hand-gate, and take shelter in a friendly wood. What a ridiculous position! pitch dark, pelting with rain, an elderly gentleman and a young lady on horseback under a fir-tree. The Squire had been getting more incoherent for some time, I could n't think what he was driving at.

"You like our country, Miss Coventry, fine climate, excellent soil, nice and dry for ladies?"

I willingly subscribed to all these advantages.

"Good neighborhood," added the Squire,

"capital hunting, charming rides, wonderful scenery for sketching: do you think you could live in this part of the world?"

I thought I could, if I was to try.

"You expressed your approbation of my house, Miss Coventry," the Squire proceeded, with his hand on my horse's neck, "do you think—I mean—should you consider—or rather I should say, is there any alteration you would suggest—anything in my power—if you would condescend to ride over any afternoon, may I consider you will so far favor me?"

I said "I should be delighted, but that it had left off raining and it was time for us to get home."

"One word, Miss Coventry," pleaded the Squire, with a shaking voice, "have I your permission to call upon Lady Horsingham to-morrow?"

I said I thought my aunt would be at home, and expressed my conviction that she would be delighted to see him, and I wished him good-bye.

"Good-bye, Miss Coventry, good-bye," said the Squire, shaking hands with a squeeze that crushed my favorite ring into my prettiest finger, "you have made me the happiest of men—good-bye!"

I saw it all in an instant, just as I see it now. The Squire means to propose for me to-morrow, and he thinks I have accepted him. What shall I do! Mrs. Haycock—Kate Haycock—Catherine Haycock. No, I can't make it look well, write it how I will; and then, to vow never to think of any one else; I suppose I mightn't even speak to Frank. Never, no, never; but what a scrape I have got into, and how I wish to-morrow was over.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ADVERTISING.—In the office of the London *Times* there is a sort of map which gives a graphic representation of the fluctuations in the circulation of that journal. It is like the sectional profiles of our railroads and canals—an increased circulation being indicated by a rise in the surface line, while a falling off in the circulation is represented by a depression. During the year 1845, the circulation of *The Times* averaged only 23,000, and it began the year 1848 with an edition of no more than 29,000. The excitement consequent on the revolution of February raised it at once to 43,000. It fell, however, with the fall of liberty, and averaged but 36,000 during 1852. The long suspense preceding the present war gradually raised it until the war actually broke out; since which time the edition has fluctuated between 58,000 and 60,000 copies, affording an income from the sale of the papers alone of about \$28,000 per week. Advertisements are, however, the great source of profit, as the cost of the paper on which *The Times* is printed nearly equals the amount received for it. Common advertisements of five lines or less pay seven shillings and sixpence each, or nearly two dollars. Such an advertisement costs three dollars and three quarters in *The Weekly Tribune*, while in *The Illustrated News* it costs seven dollars.

The Times has an average of eight or ten pages of advertisements; which cannot amount to less than \$30,000 per week. The receipts from this source have in some single weeks amounted to nearly \$40,000. The weekly average of entire receipts can scarcely be set down at less than \$60,000 or three millions a year. No-

where is advertising carried on to so great an extent as in England. "Professor" Holloway's pills are advertised to the amount of \$150,000 annually; Moses & Son pay \$50,000; \$50,000 is also paid by Rowland for his Macassar Oil, &c.; \$50,000 by Dr. De Jongh for his Cod Liver Oil. Heal & Sons pay \$30,000 per year for advertising their bedsteads and bed furniture; and Eden Nicholls, a tailor, advertises to the extent of \$20,000. Although advertisements are dear in the *Illustrated News*, still as that sheet has a weekly circulation of 130,000, the man who chooses to patronize it gets four miles of advertisement in linear measure for every dollar expended. If he will spend his money on the London *Times* he may do still better, and get advertised five miles for a dollar, or at the very reasonable rate of twenty cents per mile.—*Tribune*.

THE WEDGE-TAILED EAGLE OF AUSTRALIA.—James Backhouse gives an instance of a woman having been chased by one of these birds for some distance, and obliged to run to a house for shelter. He was told by the wife of a settler that she one day was struck with the action of a horse in an enclosure, galloping rapidly backwards and forwards, chased by two eagles. The horse at length fell, when one of the birds pounced on its head; she then called for the assistance of some men, who drove away the ferocious birds. In Van Diemen's Land this species not unfrequently carries off living lambs, and is, in consequence of its ravages, much dreaded by the colonists.—*White's Popular History of Birds*.

From The Examiner, 23 Feb.

THE CONFERENCES.

DESCRIBING the attitude which each great Power was about to assume at the Conferences of Paris, the *Times* gave to France the office of representing the Past, to Austria that of the Present, and to England the Future. The remark failed to give pleasure to our too sensitive neighbors, and meanings have been attributed to it which it was not intended to bear. Most certainly the writer could never have meant to place France behind Austria in liberal views. In the re-arrangements of those regions which border upon the western shore of the Euxine—and such a re-arrangement must form no small part of the business of the negotiators—is it so illiberal to be attached to ideas of the past? A century ago there existed a Poland. The Rouman race were still in possession of Bessarabia and the Bukowina, and, however misgoverned by the Fanariots, still preserved the elements, and were able to keep the frontiers, of a puissant and independent nation. Would that we could retrace our steps back to the past, indeed, in so far as the Slavonian nations and their neighbors are concerned! Who would not prefer the past to the present of all the countries round the Euxine? How much easier would then be the task of reorganizing the south-east of Europe, and guaranteeing its independence!

Let us pause a little to consider, at the opening of these important conferences, what are likely to be the views of the different Powers on one of the principal practical questions they will have to decide. Russia, it is certain, consents to abandon that portion of Bessarabia which borders on the Danube; and fortresses additional to the existing one of Ismail are to be erected for the protection of the river and the prevention of future invasion. But what Power is to garrison these fortresses? Or how are the Principalities, which are the true and necessary guardians of the Danube, so to be reorganized as in future to subserve the great purposes for which the war was undertaken?

Will any one doubt that the best way towards making them strong and independent, and capable of resisting either Russian or Austrian encroachment, would be to settle them in a way gratifying to themselves, and by means of a kind of government to which every Rouman would rally? To get information on this point we have but to consult the people themselves. What is it they prefer? What is it they require? Their demands, submitted almost unanimously and with unexampled moderation, we believe to

be mainly comprised under two heads. They desire, first, the union of the Principalities; for if Moldavia and Wallachia be organized separately, there can be no force, independence, or nationality in either; and secondly, to have either a native prince of their own choosing, or a foreign prince such as the allies may select, but with the proviso that he be neither Russian nor German.

Such are understood to be the demands of the Wallachians and Moldavians, and who will say that they are extravagant or revolutionary? The English Government, we have no doubt, gives them its utmost support. It can have no interest on the Danube save to open that river, and to erect upon it a nation capable of resisting at least the first shock of any invasion from the north, yet animated by none of that Greek antagonism to Turkey which has been forever creating disturbance and menacing war.

But Russia and Austria, it is equally certain, entertain quite different views with regard to the Principalities. To keep them weak and divided, to crush in them the very germ of a national party and with it all possibility of liberal advance, constitutes the policy of both countries. Austria especially regards Rouman nationality and independence with a more intense dislike and hatred than even Russia, since she can never expect to assimilate or make satisfied subjects of the Roumans of the Bukowina and Transylvania, until the Principalities themselves are crushed or neutralized. To maintain the division of the provinces will be a *sine qua non* of Austria and Russia; and as they will never consent to the free election of a sovereign by the people themselves, so we may be sure that they will resist, by every means in their power, the appointment of a French, an English, or a Piedmontese sovereign.

Notwithstanding this interested and inveterate hostility on the part of Austria and Russia, however, we should entertain no doubt of the provinces obtaining their fair and reasonable demands for independence, were France and England only of one mind upon the question. Assuredly they have no separate interests in the matter. Both ought to have the same policy, for both have the same rights to guard; and the Principalities themselves would be not less bound, by a settlement based on the attachment of the people, to repay any debt so contracted to the West. But it is feared that the French will be less ready than the English negotiators to recognize the necessity of a popular basis for a new kingdom. The popular basis implies a liberal party; and although the Rouman patriots are as modern and monarchic as men can be, still they made a revolution once, and they certainly still

abhor the Austrian system of government as much as the Hungarians themselves. The great argument employed to France therefore will be, that they are revolutionists, and that even under a foreign prince the smallest germ of freedom would soon develop Mazzinis and Kossuths.

If it be possible that such transparently selfish representations should be so far successful as to obtain anything like a re-constitution of the countries and governments on the Danube after a fashion only gratifying to Austria and to Russia, the enormous silliness of the arrangement will be the measure of its danger. Whatever may be French policy at home, the only sure allies of France as well as of England in the east of Europe are the parties identified with progress. If tyranny is to have worship, we must not be surprised should that of Russia be preferred to any kindred government. The only real antagonism to Russia in those regions is that of liberty and civilization. If not so inspired and warmed, even the popular party will be again driven back to unnatural alliance with its co-religionist, the Muscovite, for any hope of emancipation or elevation to its religion and race. We may compel Russia to disavow on paper her protectorate over the Christians within and on the borders of Turkey; but, unless France and England show themselves, after a successful war, practical friends to independent Christian races like the Roumans, never again will such men in the east put faith in us of the west. The moment is important. We have shown our power, and are now about to show the amount of our sincerity. If we can do no more now, after all we have risked and gained, than hand over Wallachia and Moldavia to the old despotic and retrograde powers and governments around them, we abdicate forever the pretension of being protectors of the Christians of the east. Our religious creed differs from theirs, which agrees with the Russian; but if we now frankly adopt a political creed opposed to the Russian and Austrian, we shall be rewarded by the attachment and confidence of the Rouman at present, and by that of the Greek hereafter. If, on the other hand, we can hold out nothing better than the same old absolutist creed as that of the Russians themselves, what business have we in the east? What pretext have we for assuming to exercise influence there? What claim have we upon the gratitude or attachment of the native races? Or to what purpose have we shed the blood of so many thousands of our countrymen, and mulcted the survivors of so many millions of treasure?

We confess we draw some reassurance as to a better spirit in the French Emperor, from certain recent revelations of the Paris

press in regard to another point of interest in the Conferences. A kind of dispute has been for some time going on between the *Journal des Debats* and the *Siècle*, the former evidently neither strange nor indifferent to the desires of Russia, and the latter not less eager that the peace should really fulfil the expectations of the war. The *Debats* had been laying stress on the difficulties of Nicolaieff and Bomarsund. To this the *Siècle* rejoined that it was the policy of Russia to present these as important points, in order to enhance the value of the concessions which she was prepared to make respecting them; but that the true points at issue in the negotiations consisted not in either of these, but in the development of the fifth article, which was to preclude Russia from the possibility of renewing the war at a future day either in Asia or in Europe. If, therefore, the negotiations do not lead to some such arrangement of the Asiatic frontiers as would deprive Russia of all her facilities for war in that quarter, Turkey could never be held secure.

This was excellent reasoning on the part of the *Siècle*; but few would have paid attention to it, had not the official *Moniteur* of Wednesday reproduced the article, thus implying that the views of the French Emperor and of the Government coincided with those of the *Siècle*, and not with those of the *Debats*. Hereupon down went the funds some fourpence or fivepence. The *Constitutionnel* has since said that the reproduction of the article by the *Moniteur* was a mistake; but, happily, the *Moniteur* has retorted that it can correct its own mistakes when made, and that none has been made in this matter. We are well content to think so, and the avowal does the French Emperor credit.

From The Spectator, 23 Feb.

THE CONFERENCE AND FREE-TRADE.

SHOULD peace be concluded at Paris by the instrumentality of the Conference whose members are now assembling there, the deliberations will mark a decided change in the policy of Europe, not only with reference to questions of territorial encroachment, but even with reference to many political and economical principles in the government of states. An impulse will be given to beneficial measures, although they may not be directly discussed, and ought not to be. Mr. Gladstone is quite right in repudiating for the Conference the business of agitating and making proselytes for Free-trade; and his reply on the subject to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is marked by his keen sense and his just appreciation of policy. Mr.

Gladstone went to the Board of Trade when Peel entered office for the purpose of carrying out Free-trade; he most efficiently aided his leader in reforming our tariff, and in the endeavor to negotiate a reciprocal reduction of duties with the principal states of the civilized world. But, as he says, the whole operation placed us in a false position; for it made ourselves and our doctrine equally an object of jealousy. England was thought to aim at entrapping other states into a field where she could beat them. The very orations of our Free-Traders, in surmounting the prejudices of the Protectionists, instigated that fear. "Reciprocity" thus proved an unremunerative course; and England struck out alone in the course of commercial freedom, trusting to the effect of her example for the sequel. The consequence has been, that our own wealth has increased to an enormous extent; we have had the means of sustaining one of the most expensive wars in which we ever engaged without oppressive encroachment upon our resources; and what is more, we have rendered England the emporium for the converging trade of other countries. When there has been dearth in corn elsewhere, we have commanded the first of the market, and we have had abundance in our ports even when there was not abundance in the land nor abundance in the neighboring states. We have seen the effect of this example in other countries, but we have evidence that it has not been lost upon those countries which are more perfectly represented at the Conference assembled to decide in the case of Free-trade Turkey on the law of Europe.

We could scarcely take a more dramatic personification of rising or declining principles than that meeting. Who is the enemy whom we admit to make terms? It is Russia, the most exclusive country in the world out of Mongolia — if Russia is anthropologically quite out of Mongolia. It is a country which has sought to make a trade for itself in a way to prevent any other country from having a trade in it, and has minimized its commerce to an outgoing traffic. It is that country which, relying for its greatness upon the principle of territorial encroachment abroad and military slavery at home, now comes to accept a peace as the alternative of degradation.

To whom does she come? We are not vaunting when we say that France could not have stood in this great European contest without England. For although it is true that France has succeeded on most occasions in taking the van, England could better have been without her than she without England. We need not recapitulate the reasons. The obvious fact has been exemplified by the feeling that even if France were to abandon us,

we might find it expedient to continue the contest single-handed. But what is England, whose power thus stands contrasted with the beaten enemy? It is the country whose absolute freedom of trade makes our island the centre for ship traffic of the whole world, and carries our own shipping to extend its school of navigation likewise around the whole world. The consequence is, that although we must acknowledge a parallel capacity in the great Republic across the Atlantic, we know well enough that there is no navy on this side the ocean that can withstand ours; and we, relying upon our own resources, our wealth and our marine, have been enabled to shut up our enemy in his ports, to annihilate his sea-going trade, and to terrify him into sinking his military ships. Even Russians have an eye to business, and they will be able to compare the circumstances that give us this naval strength with the circumstance that Peter the Great, for all his Gravesend pilgrimage, left Russia possessed of ships, but not of commerce nor shipping-power.

France, whose military genius has not inclined her to trade, has of late been tentatively commencing an imitation of our free-trade in a relaxation of her exclusive tariff. Her material means have been enlarged more than correspondingly. The power that she has obtained by alliance with us has been shown by the manner in which our marine was able to serve as the complement to her own when she required transport to the Euxine: and she stands with us as prosecutress, almost arbitress, in the war question.

One great power has sought admission and has obtained it, but under terms which are remarkably modified. Austria has been compelled to accept the dictates of necessity, and to take her place upon an equality with a state whom she has regarded as her inferior, her natural enemy, perhaps her destined victim. It is rather remarkable that Austria is that power in Europe which has most copied Russia in sacrificing the benefits of trade to an exclusive system as the accompaniment of an arbitrary power; for, let us say in passing, that freedom of trade, like most other freedoms, is, in practice if not in theory, nearly incompatible with despotic rule. Stern lessons of finance have taught Austria that no country can isolate itself commercially, and that she must look for her loans, her railways, her colonization of Hungary, her material growth, to reciprocal exchanges with other countries. She has only begun the lesson; she cons it imperfectly, but she has begun it; and her position is better than that of Russia in almost a direct proportion with her homage to the régime of commercial freedom:

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bination with other countries in order to create not freedom but monopoly, carrying out that spirit in politics, stands excluded and impotent.

The one other country which is admitted to the Conference is Sardinia—that state which in less than a decade has copied our country as a model in constitutional freedom, ecclesiastical freedom, and now in commercial freedom; for the next task which avowedly and by common public consent awaits the statesmen of Sardinia, is to carry out those principles of free-trade which she has already recognized and applied.

We have here strung together nothing but facts most familiar to the ordinary reader; and although the moral is new, it is distinctly suggested by the facts of the day. We have no proselytizing either for political or commercial freedom, as in 1848; yet unquestionably the spirit of irresponsible arbitrary government has been in conflict with the spirit of responsible government and peaceful coöperation amongst the nations. The barbarous spirit has been rebuked and is in the decline; the opposite spirit is in the ascendant. A few years back, Austria would have proudly refused to sit on an equality in the same assembly with Sardinia. Sardinia has identified herself with the most civilized countries on the Continent; she exercises an influence largely exceeding her territorial magnitude or her military power; she belongs to the régime of the future, as her great antagonist has belonged to the régime of the past. And unless the Conference be juggled away by the most extraordinary incapacity or treachery on the side of the West, it must have a material influence on the commercial and social progress of the Continent, as well as on the narrower political question of the independence of states.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE PROGRESS OF FREE-TRADE.

SOME time since, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce prayed the Foreign Secretary, in a memorial, to use his influence at the Paris Conference to further commercial freedom in Europe. The example seems to have had its effect on other commercial bodies, and Mr. George Hadfield of Sheffield consulted Mr. Gladstone on the subject. The letter he received in reply has been published, and on account of its admirable presentation of the question involved in the prayer of the Manchester Chamber, we transfer that letter to our columns:

“4 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, }
February 11, 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th, and to assure you that I strongly sympathize with the

feeling which has prompted the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester to present a memorial to Lord Clarendon with a view to his using his influence at the approaching Congress in furtherance of commercial freedom in Europe. I am also confident that they will find Lord Clarendon most anxious to give effect to their views. Nor can I desire in any manner to discourage your constituents at Sheffield from following the example which has been set at Manchester.

“At the same time, I feel bound to point out a danger, the existence of which I too well know from experience. Between 1841 and 1845 I held office in the Board of Trade; and this was the period during which England was most actively engaged in the endeavor to negotiate with the principal states of the civilized world treaties for the reciprocal reduction of duties upon imports. The task was plied on our side with sufficient zeal, but in every case we failed. I am sorry to add my opinion that we did more than fail. The whole operation seemed to place us in a false position. Its tendency was to lead countries to regard with jealousy and suspicion, as boons to foreigners, alterations in their laws which, though doubtless of advantage to foreigners, would have been of far greater advantage to their own inhabitants.

“England, finding that she could make no progress in this direction, took her own course; struck rapid and decisive blows at the system of protection, and reduced, as far as the exigencies of the public service would permit, the very high duties which in many cases she maintained simply for the purpose of revenue upon articles of import that had no domestic produce to compete with. While our reasonings had done nothing, or less than nothing, our example effected something at least, if less than we could have desired; and commercial freedom has made some progress in other countries, since the year 1846; whereas shortly before that time, even while we were relaxing our tariff, it had actually lost ground.

“When we endeavored to make treaties, we were constantly obstructed by the idea prevailing abroad that the reduction of tariffs could redound to our advantage only, and would be detrimental to other countries. Politicians and speculatists continued to propagate this idea. It was certainly shaken when the world saw us expose our own protected interests to competition without making a condition of corresponding relaxations elsewhere: but I am fearful lest it should again make head, if we too actively employ political influence in urging the adoption of measures for the relaxation of foreign tariffs. For we hold, and hold rightly, that foreign states themselves would be the great gainers by the change; but it is obviously the general rule to leave each country to judge for itself of matters in which the interests principally concerned are its own.

“I am sure, therefore, that great caution must be used by the representatives of England in any attempt to draw foreigners by direct persuasion into following our course along the path

which we have pursued, with much advantage to the commerce of the world at large, but with more to our own people. The example of a country which, with a view to freedom of trade, has contended against its most powerful interests, discarded many cherished maxims, disturbed, and even for years disorganized, its system of Parliamentary government, and which yet feels cause to rejoice in the changes it has made at so heavy a cost, must tell upon the sentiments and upon the legislation of other nations, at least by degrees. Our persuasions, I am afraid, would not only be less effective than our example, but, encountering prejudice on their way, might even tell in an opposite direction.

"And yet this is a great opportunity. The alliance with France, cemented by community of interest and effort in war, would receive further consolidation from measures judiciously calculated to enlarge our commercial intercourse. Russia now sees her manufactures reduced by the war to a narrow compass. Will she again put them into the hot-house of the commercial system, to force them into puny growth, at the cost of the great mass of her landholders and people? To say that a pound made by agriculture is worth a pound made by manufactures appears like a truism; but the question for Russia to consider is not now this—it is rather whether a pound made by manufactures is worth five pounds made by agriculture. Russia is yet young in that career of error in which we grew old. Among the best wishes we can entertain for her is this, that now, when as we hope she is to cease to be our enemy, she may take advantage of an opportunity offered her by the state of her trade and manufactures, to withdraw some part at least of the artificial stimulants which she has of late years so lavishly applied to them, and may thus do justice to the immense capabilities of her widely-extended territory.

"There is one domestic picture which I wish it were in our power effectually to exhibit to the governments and inhabitants of foreign countries. They know, by statistics which are open to the world, the immense extension which our commerce has attained under and by virtue of freedom in trade, and the great advancement that has happily been achieved in the condition of the people. But they do not know what it has cost us to achieve this beneficial, nay, this blessed change; what time, what struggles, what interruptions to the general work of legislation, what animosities and divisions among the great classes which make up the nation, what shocks to our established modes of conducting the government of the country, what fears and risks, at some periods, of public convulsion. These were the fine and penalty we paid for long adherence to folly. We paid this fine and penalty upon returning to the path of wisdom, which we then too late wished that we had never left. It is not easy to calculate its amount; but, if it could be exactly reckoned, and fully exposed to the eyes of other nations, our juniors in trade, it might supply them with a timely warning against imitating our former errors, and with the best encouragement to the adoption, before they themselves become deeply entangled in the creation of artificial interests, of our recent and better example.

"I do not know whether my view of the subject will meet in all points the purposes of those on whose behalf you have addressed me; but, such as it is, it has been derived from a long acquaintance with the attempts made heretofore so ineffectually to apply diplomatic instruments to the furtherance of commercial freedom. You are quite welcome to make such use of it as you may think fit. I have, &c.,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"George Hadfield, Esq., M.P."

CARD.—What is the meaning of the word "card" in the following passage?—

"Reason is as the card which directs the course, and shows what is fittest to be done; but the will is as the helm and rudder that turns about the whole fabrick."—*Penitent Pardoned*, p. 163, ed. 1679.

Whether the word means the chart or the compass, I am unable to say. B. H. C.

[The word *card* in the extract refers to the mariner's compass; or more properly the paper on which the points of the wind are marked. Pope says:

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale."

So again Beaumont and Fletcher:

" We're all like sea cards,
All our endeavors and our motions,
As they do to the north, still point at beauty."
—*Chances*, i. 11.

Hamlet exclaims:

"How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us."

See Steevens' note on *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 1. —*Notes and Queries*.]